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"ROUND FREDERICKSBURG."

A COMMUNICATION BY AN UNFORTUNATE OFFICER.

DEDICATED TO THE 36TH REG'T N. Y. VOLUNTEERS.

FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The pontoon train was sinking fast,
When we through Falmouth village pass'd,
Camp-ward crawling, slow as mice,
Cos the roads weren't very nice—
'Round Fredericksburg.

The rain had chilled our "biling" blood,
And made each one "a stick-in-the-mud,"
While reb-u-el rascals, grinning, said—
They thought we long enough here staid—
'Round Fredericksburg.

Our warriors munched their stonehard "prog,"
And vainly sighed when dreams of grog
Came floating through their chuckle-heads—
As they wallowing stuck in the mortar-beds—
'Round Fredericksburg.

"O, stay!" a secesh villain cried—
When cross the river a sign we shied;
A bad device to stir the blood—
Twas "Burnside's Army stuck in the mud—
'Round Fredericksburg.

Homeward the "hampered army" came,
Not caring any one to blame—
Wondering if friends would like to hear
Of the sufferings of the volunteer—
'Round Fredericksburg.

A rabid Congressman loudly coughed,
As on his couch his wine he quaffed;
And "On to Richmond," was his cry
When he saw our sol-di-ers must die—
'Round Fredericksburg.

An artillery man—stuck "clean" in the mire—
Felt in his heart a "coal of fire,"
He clenched his fist, and loudly said,
*"Just as sure's my name's Bill Simpkins,
if you give any more of your cussed sass to me,
damn me if I don't break your head—
'Round Fredericksburg.

*Here the artillery man got very excited, as did also the author.

THE TRACK OF BLOOD;

OR,

CRIME IN THE CITY AND WAR IN THE LAND

A ROMANCE OF NEW YORK LIFE,

Among the High and the Low, the Rich and the Poor, the Good and the Bad.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY HECTOR TRIPOD, U. S. A.

CHAPTER IX.

A TRUMP AMONG THE PACK—INTERVIEW OF HENRY BENSON AND STEPHEN GILES—AN OLD SORE BETTER HEALED AT ONCE—A CHALLENGE AND ITS ACCEPTANCE—BATTLE AT WEEHAWKEN—THE WINNER—TOKENS OF THE FRAY—WHAT THE PEOPLE THINK OF THEM—NOTES BY DETECTIVE MCQUAFF.

It must have been evident to everybody acquainted with the parties, that Harry Benson had already become a favorite with his associates, and was, each succeeding day, gaining ground in their estimation. His free manners were well calculated to bring about this result; then, there was his defiance of the bully Giles, who, to tell the truth, was not generally esteemed by his fellow rogues, especially those whose physical inferiority had frequently exposed them to the rudeness if not to the positive assault of the muscular desperado. The younger Benson had also shown himself to be a valuable acquisition to the lawless confederacy he had recently joined. The spoils he brought (notwithstanding he often kept an undue per centage to himself) were abundant, while the counsel he gave in the planning and carrying into effect of particular operations, often corrected a blunder and induced safety to the executive agents.

All the time, however, it could not be disguised from the least observant of the gang, that a feeling, of which Henry was the object, kept rankling in the heart of Giles. The rules of the association to which both belonged (for, like other and more respectable corporations, it had its code of laws, which could not be transgressed with impunity) forbade quarreling among its members in any of their places of meeting; else, the old score would soon have been wiped out. That it should be, one of these days, was a determination at which Giles arrived—hence the anxiety with which he had dogged the steps of the sailor on the day of the race on the Union Course.

It was not likely that matters could remain long in this condition. It would be best if they were settled at once, thought Benson as well as Giles—an opinion in which they were joined by several of their compeers, some of whom were desirous of a "battle," as much for the love of the sport as for any other reason. But the practical initiation was taken by Henry himself.

"I see you have a grudge against me," he said one day, addressing Giles, "and have had ever since our first meeting. Well, be it so, I do not care. Meanwhile, I think it would tend a little to the satisfaction of our people here, and to your own as well, were we to have a fair stand up fight. That would settle the question of which is the 'best man,' any how. It might be you, it might be me; and determined in that respect, we should all get along more comfortably. What say you to the proposal?"

"That I am willing," responded Giles, in evident satisfaction, and as though a new idea had dawned upon him. "We can choose our own time, place, and friends. Good. Let us see about it soon."

"Shall it be for stakes?" asked Benson, clinking a quantity of gold and silver in his pocket, and looking mischievously. "Shall it be for stakes?"

"No; only for honor," responded Giles. "I have not much money to back myself with; neither could any of our people be persuaded to venture considerable on the occasion. Enough for them the fun and excitement. But, Benson!"

"Well, Giles!"

"You will get unmercifully licked in this battle. I give you warning before hand—so don't blame me for anything that may happen."

"Warning!" reiterated Henry. "So did you give me warning in Church street, on the occasion of our first acquaintance. Very friendly was your counsel—for me to say my prayers if I desired to go to the good place, as my hours were numbered. But I did nothing of the sort; I only stood up, waiting for your commencement. Ha! ha! ha!"

There was a ringing devil in the laugh of Henry Benson that evidently smote the heart of Giles. The color went and came on his face, his chest heaved, he clenched his hands nervously, and fixed his eyes upon his companion. It was as though a tiger was about to take a deadly spring on some lesser, though undaunted animal.

"And, so, you think you are able to lick me?" asked Henry, the smile yet upon his face.

A look, quite as eloquent as any words could have been, was the sole reply. Its meaning was, that, in the coming encounter, Giles *must* be the winner. Only examine his burly frame and the rather slight figure of his intended antagonist!

The news of the fight soon spread among the associates of the men, but oozed out to none beside. The place selected for the "passage of arms" was a field in the neighborhood of Weehawken; the time, day-break on the third morning following the giving and acceptance of the challenge; one of the principals of the gang was appointed referee, the posts of seconds, judges, etc., having been distributed, as it was thought, most judiciously. So far, the battle between Henry Benson and Stephen Giles promised to be similar to the battles of the P. R.; but in other respects, it was not so. There were no stakes put up, and no betting observed. In regard to viands and exercise, those of the younger man continued precisely what they had been since he joined the organization. It was different with Giles, who kept himself almost entirely to the house in Church street, and quaffed brandy in extra quantities. The night prior to the fight, he seemed to be in all his glory, and sang, laughed, and talked profusely. That he was one among the most thoroughly assured men alive, there could be no question. Victory seemed to have perched upon his hat, in mere anticipation.

Long before daybreak, the preparations for the battle were commenced. Giles and a few of his friends had taken the last boat to the Jersey shore on the previous night. Benson, anxious to have a look at a new neighborhood, had crossed the river in the afternoon. The other parties had come in couples, threes, and fours, at various times, so as to escape suspicion. Two hours after midnight, the ropes and stakes were arranged.

Perhaps it was a pity in these days of concealed weapons and sanguinary attacks on life, that no person was present at the Weehawken battle, to chronicle the same. What is called pluck was manifest on both sides, and on the side of one (Giles) the strength of a giant. There was plenty of confidence also, and some science—the latter most distinguishable in Benson.

The number of rounds fought and the time taken up in fighting them were similar to those of the memorable Heenan and Sayers encounter at Farnborough, April, 17, 1860. But Benson was the conqueror, Giles being unable to answer to "time," from the effects of a left-hander delivered by his antagonist, which seemed to knock all the life out of him. Plenty of punishment had been inflicted on both sides. A dislocation of the right wrist, the separation of a few tendons in the right arm, the left eye completely closed, and half a dozen cuts about the face, were the gains of Benson; two broken ribs, a flattened nose, a mutilated mouth, and four or five sanguinary swellings about the face and neck, scored for Giles. By the aid of chemicals and other preparations, Henry was just able to make his reappearance in the world three days after the combat; but it was full a week ere Giles could show himself. Even then, he was something of a sight, and inspired the belief in many persons who were acquainted with his line of life, that he had been at his "old tricks," but had met with some "customers" too strong for him. This was specially the thought of the detective McQuaff, who had professional reasons for making a note of Giles' entire bruises, to serve, perhaps, as a link in a chain of evidence that might yet connect the conquered pugilist with deeds for which the law had provided a penalty.

CHAPTER X.

POOR JANE; HER HISTORY AND THE RESOLVE SHE MAKES—"HE SHALL BE SAVED IF POSSIBLE"—NEW RELATIONS OF STEPHEN GILES AND HENRY BENSON—THE CANVASSING OF POSSIBILITIES—AGAIN IN CHURCH STREET—MISS ROSA ANXIOUS FOR NOTICE AND A DRINK—ARRIVAL OF THE ELDER BENSON—SOMETHING WRONG WITH HIM.

There is a person connected with our story, of whom, doubtless, our readers have a recollection, and of whom we have not made mention for some time past—the girl Jane. First seen in the house in Church street, she re-appeared in that wherein the younger Benson met Captain Freeman. We made no note of the identity while describing the events that transpired in the panel house, but we dare say the reader did.

Poor Jane had led an unhappy life up to the date at which we introduced her. As a child, she had been picked up in the streets, bitterly wailing for her mother, who was dead; her father she had never known, and even when questioned by the authorities of the Poor House into which she was received, regarding the former, could only answer at random and vaguely. After remaining at this institution until she was sixteen years of age, she was sent out to a service procured for her. It was with an elderly woman, living in Greene street, New York. Unfortunately for Jane, those who had thus provided for her had been careless in the examination of the character of the woman to whom they sent her. Under pretence of being a dress-maker, she was in fact a procuress of the vilest kind. Beneath her roof, many were the young and blooming females sold to utter ruin. With the majority of these, a great amount of persecution preceded their fall; with Jane, the means taken to make her what she was, had been untiring, and it was not until her senses had been deadened by a drug, that her ruin had been completed. Her first male acquaintance in Greene street had been Mr. Mortimer Jennings, the flashy gentleman introduced in a previous chapter. It was long, however, since they had met; but they were to meet again!

It would be an idle task to note the career of Jane for the five years that elapsed between her departure from the Poor House, and her presence in Church street, on the night of Henry Benson's first appearance there. Sufficient for all purposes, is the statement that she had formed a connection with one of the gang, the individual whose recent death was the means of procuring employment for the returned sailor.

We have said that this outcast from society, more sinned against than sinning, was very pretty—we might almost have added beautiful; and as her conversation tokened, she was conscious of the depraved life she led. Another fact remains to be revealed—it is, that at the first sight of Edward Bleackley, she had felt a love for him, fervent as it was hopeless, and that the ever-present thought of what she was, always agonizing to her heart, grew from that day in intensity. Could anything have added to this, it was her knowledge that young Bleackley was a marked man—marked for spoliation, if not entire ruin, by the gang with which she was yet connected. The madness of her love for Edward, she struggled against with all her might; but the means to be of service to him, of those she thought day and night. The condition of her mind in these respects, will be ascertained from the following soliloquy:

"He is another's; and if he were not, what would my love for him avail me? Would not its merest utterance invite his deepest scorn? No, no! Edward Bleackley; our paths are widely separated. Yours, if the machinations of bad men are thwarted, will be prosperous, happy, honorable; mine, anyhow, wretched, fickle, and vile. Yet, seeing me as I am, you did not scorn to pity me, that I know well; and it is my duty to show my gratitude to the utmost. You *shall* be saved from the the enemies around you, if *I* can save you!"

Jane knew more of the intentions of the gang than many of the members thought she did. The plan of operations to be observed in reference to the fleecing of young Bleackley, was familiar to her. Through the instrumentality of well-dressed associates, Edward was to be lured to the haunts of vice on Broadway, where the wealthy are always the special victims. Gambling is ever an expensive matter; and it was through the agency of the table, that the desperadoes of Church street contemplated their game by the thousands of dollars, so far as their new bird was concerned.

Meanwhile, certain events were transpiring in the gang itself, which promised to bear fruit ere long; in fact, the organization had given symptoms of disunion ever since the fight at Weehawken. Prior to that affair, Henry Benson had been an universal favorite, principally on account of his skill at his new art, and the profits that through him accrued to the company; and partly because of the enmity exhibited towards him by Giles, who, as we have already explained, was by no means popular with many of his associates. The change which followed, like the circumstances it also succeeded, had a twofold cause; the dissatisfaction of the elder Benson with his nephew, on account of the latter's popularity, which bade fair to displace him who had been a principal in the gang so long, and the suddenly-invoked attachment of the burly Giles towards the person of his late antagonist.

The words of Giles himself will best explain how this wondrous change had been brought about.

"Ah! who would think of it now? (so did Stephen commence, addressing a few familiars seated near him in the house in Church street, about a fortnight after the encounter over the water,) who would think of it, that I and Harry should become such friends? You remember what enemies we were for a long time, how we panted for each other's blood, and would have taken it, wouldn't we? But it was all a mistake. Harry did not know me; I did not know Harry. The affair over in Jersey settled us in that respect. It was then for me to prove Harry what I had long since doubted him, a brave young fellow; and his, to make sure of me, as his equal in bravery, though a little his inferior in science. Ha, ha, ha! We are fast friends now. Let's drink his health, boys. Here's to Harry Benson!"

The companions of Giles joined him in his toast with a hearty good will. Their glasses empty, the burly fellow continued:

"I don't care *that* about what others say of Harry (and Giles snapped his fingers just as he had once snapped them in the face of the man he was now eulogising.) He is a first-rate fellow, and fit to be our leader, should we ever require one in the place of his uncle. That puts me in mind of something. Isn't the old man getting ugly with his nephew? and ain't many of our fellows following suit?"

These facts, so comprehensively put by Stephen Giles, were corroborated by his companions, to his perfect satisfaction; whereupon, "more drinks" were the order of the day. Again the orator went on.

"Now, it is to be hoped that a dissolution of *our* union will never take place (the speaker's words belied his looks;) but if ever that is the case, the best thing we could do, would be to make Harry our captain. As to his lieutenant, that is a matter you would also have to decide upon, as we do everything here in the true democratic style, President and Vice President on the same ticket, and both elected by the majority of votes. For Captain, Harry Benson; for Lieutenant, Stephen Giles! Eh, boys? It wouldn't look amiss, would it? Ha, ha, ha!" and Giles, whose rum was mounting to his head, laughed loud and wildly.

His companions, on whom he had shown off his practical jokes, and with whom he was a favorite, humored him in his ideas of advancement. It is true, that, like others of the gang, they had been surprised at the sudden turn his feelings had taken towards Harry Benson; but had they been skilled a little more in human nature, they would not have wondered at all. Stephen Giles was not the first man by thousands, who had learned to respect and follow the person, the weight of whose fist had been first ascertained.

Presently, the men were joined by Harry himself. He was evidently in good humor, and (a constant practice with him of late) chincked his money in his pocket to a pleasant tune.

"Almost out, I see," he observed, pointing to the small amount of liquor left among his friends. "Here, drinks all round for me; your best brandy for these gentlemen, just what they like."

"Gen't'men? Gor Amity!"

Let not this exclamation astonish the reader. It came from the black Venus, Rosa Dinah Julianna, who happened to pop into the room just time enough to hear the above order.

"Oh! here you are," said Benson to one of the bar-tenders deposited the liquor upon the table. Each man had given his order, and now prepared to join Benson in the quaffing. It is astonishing how quickly these [illegible] execute the orders of their customers.

Benson had not as yet noticed [illegible] Dinah Julianna, who was very anxious for a look, and [illegible] as well. She did her utmost, however, to attract the notice of the ex-sailor, in which endeavor she was at length fortunate.

"We have been talking about you," said Giles, addressing Benson.

"Indeed!" was the response of the latter. "Talking about me?"

"Yes," Giles replied; "and of things in general besides."

"Ah! that is right," remarked the new-comer, coolly sipping his brandy. "None of us can know too much in these days, and conversation among friends is very pleasant."

"Golly! I wish he would look dis way," was the observation of Rosa; and she gave a slight cough.

"And we haven't forgotten ourselves, Cap—" (this was added insinuatingly.) Now ain't it strange that I am always going to call you Captain?"

"It is, very."

Another cough (this time louder) from the sable Venus.

"We have been talking about a choice, the possibility of a change in our affairs, in the event of which, I have thought, and so have my friends here, that it would be best—"

"Hush!" suddenly exclaimed Benson, as his quick eye caught the broad face of Rosa, whose third cough, conveniently louder than the two preceding, had been the means of diverting his attention from Giles. On perceiving that Benson recognised her, the lady was all smiles.

"Ah! Rosa, is that you? Thirsty to-day? There; call for what you want."

Benson knew whither the sympathies of the woman tended, and he humored them, having a strong reason for doing so on the present occasion.

With an inclination of the body and a smile, both of which Dan Bryant knows so well how to imitate, Miss Rosa Dinah Julianna went up to the bar, and had what she desired.

Freed from her immediate presence, Henry Benson was about to listen to the further revealments of Giles & Co., when another new-comer appeared. It was his uncle.

The young man would have welcomed his relative in the usual way; but he saw that something was wrong with the old man. Therefore, he was silent.—[To be Continued.

STRADDLES PEEPS AT THE CLASSIC GAMES.

Straddles turned out strong in San Francisco the other day, to attend one of those exhibitions known as rat fights. He had prepared himself beforehand by "reading up" all the accounts within his reach respecting the classic contests of the Roman amphitheatre, and his mind was stored with accounts of terrific encounters between wild beasts and the more elevating order of conflicts between man and man. His heart beat high with anticipation as he took the cars for the Mission—a rather sanctimonious name to be associated with such proceedings, Straddles could not help admitting. But he remembered the old adage, "the nearer the church the farther from holiness," and the apparent contradiction was reconciled.

He arrived in due time at the Half-Way House, where "dogs were fit and rats worrited, under the efficient superintendence of Jeames Hogson, esquire, and found a number of fellow-townsmen, principally of the class denominated "Sports," already congregated. About half the persons present had brought with them dogs of different species, and really a curious spectacle they offered. Like their masters, some wore the deepest and brightest of coats, and had that bright-eyed knowing look which betokens that they are "up to snuff." Some again were rough and disheveled as to externals, and had a sullen, distrustful look, while others were positive unkempt savages, seeming as though it would require very little provocation to induce them to fly at the throat of the first customer who might look as though he carried a bone about him. Not even the person of Hogson himself, who had mounted a wooden peg in place of the limb he had sacrificed to his favorite theory of the incontestible right of [illegible] was exempt, as [illegible] was vending to complete the accessories.

The usual call for some [illegible] strong, produced a [illegible] being swallowed, went to the pit of his stomach like a bar of red hot iron in a kettle of grease, sizzling as it went, and doubling him up like a jackknife. "Have another," said Hogson, smiling; "it may kill you, but you've a perfect right to do it."

Straddles sought relief from this pleasantry by diving into the tan packed arena, where, it being quite dark, he stood for some moments as one bewildered, until "Whose dog is that?" and "tsie him, sir, tsie him!" from all sides, brought him to his senses and caused him to retire to a bench which was already filling with spectators. Presently, after various exhibitions of impatience, in which the yelp and growl of curs of all descriptions bore a conspicuous part, a gentleman in a cap, the bristles of which were apparently made of wires, entered the arena with a trap, the door of which he raised, and then precipitately retreated, as though fearful that the dogs might make some mistake as to his *genus* and pounce upon *him*.

Then from the cage emerged an enormous royal grey coat, of the kind known in some countries as the tiger rat. His first advance before so unaccustomed an audience, was a rapid trot, but the shout which greeted his *debut* evidently bewildered him. He paused and looked around appealingly, then took a small run to the right and left, and finally riveted his gaze upon a small black and tan terrier named Bingo, who, with his nose pushed far forward, his little piercing black eyes protruding like diamond points, and his stub tail sticking out on the straight horizontal, was straining at the chain still held by his master and indulging in a series of stifled whines. Sir Dormus had raised himself on his hind legs as if to give battle, but at the first rush of Bingo, who flew at him as if he had been a brick wall, he gave one loud squeak and broke for the spectators, by whom he was again flung into the ring, where Bingo made short work of him. This, as it proved, was only preliminary, a large number of rats being now let into the arena, where Bingo commenced the work of chawing up promiscuously to the "melodious pleasings," of a violin. The performance was diversified by the occasional triumphant yelps and snarls of Bingo, and the shouts of the spectators, among whom bets were flying about freely. The excitement was intense. Pretty soon Straddles accepted a bet, just to keep the thing going, and was jumping up and down on his seat with all the agility of a person possessed of fleas.

All at once the excitement ceased, the last grey-coat was slain, and Bingo remained master of the field, having slain some five hundred adversaries in about twenty twinklings of his short stub tail—or some fifteen minutes by the watch.

Straddles had lost some hundred dollars or so in the same remarkably short space of time, but cheerfully paid over, the more cheerfully, perhaps, because he saw a personage who was pointed out to him as the Lieutenant Governor in the act of performing the same pious duty. His antagonist invited him, out of courtesy, to crack a friendly bottle, and introduced him to the "Lieutenant Governor," when the three adjourned to the bar.

The remainder of the day was devoted to seeing the sights—the winner having a wagon of stylish appearance which he obligingly placed at Straddles' service. All the public roadsides were duly visited, and Straddles pushed the thing so far that, undertaking to get away from his obliging friends and walk back to town, he took the wrong direction, and on coming to his senses, found that he had walked two-thirds of the distance to San Jose.

His appearance at a tavern with his fancy sporting coat torn up the back, a greasy white hat smashed over his eyes, and his pockets hanging out, was not calculated to promote between himself and the attaches that intimate degree of confidence which should subsist between man and man, and it so happened that a deputy sheriff from the interior was at the moment sojourning at the hotel, who, being in search of a fugitive from justice, forthwith seized Straddles and bore him off in triumph.

Matters did not at all brighten for Straddles when, on gaining the Police Court at the City Hall, and seeing his quondam acquaintance, the "Lieutenant Governor," of the day previous, standing before the bar, he suddenly threw his arms about him, as a voucher for his identity.

That distinguished official proved to be none other than the famous housebreaker, Tipperary Bill, and it required no little amount of reasoning to make clear the innocence of Straddles—who has since acquired a huge disgust for the sports of the ring.

THAT'S SO.—Heaven help the man who thinks he can dodge enemies by trying to please everybody. If such an individual ever succeeded we should be glad to know it. Not that we believe in a man's going through the world trying to find a beam to knock his head against; disputing every man's opinion: fighting, elbowing, or crowding all who differ from him. That again is another extreme. Other people have a right to their own opinions, so have you; don't fall into the error of supposing they will respect you more for turning your coat every day to match theirs. Wear your own colors, spite of wind and weather, storm and sunshine. It causes the vacillating and irresolute ten times the trouble to wind and shuffle and twist, than it does honest, manly independence to stand its ground.

USED TO IT.—"Your horse seems to make up faces at having that thing put into his mouth," said a youngster who saw Mr. Cummings put his bridle on his horse after feeding him. "Oh, no," said Cummings, "he don't mind it a bit."

PLAYS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

MYSTERIES AND MORALITIES.

"Mouldering and moss-grown through the lapse of years,
In motionless beauty stands the giant oak;
While those who saw its green and flourishing youth,
Are gone and are forgotten."

During the age that immediately succeeded the introduction of the drama, all Europe was shrouded in intellectual gloom—genius and taste were forgotten things. Literature and arts were no longer objects of human ambition, and the voices of the muses seemed to be hushed forever. In the eighth century, however, representations of a gross and ludicrous description were common in France and Germany, which have sometimes been considered the earliest dawnings of the dramatic art.

But we are disposed to look to a later day. We consider it as springing legitimately from the "Mysteries and Moralities,"* which appeared in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.† The modern, like the ancient drama, in the opinion of several critics, was founded in the spirit of devotion. The songs of the Pilgrims returning from the Holy Sepulchre, are supposed to have given the first idea of that kind of dramatic poetry called "Mystery." There are others equally distinguished for research, who maintain that with the enkindling light of civilization, and the dawn of political and intellectual liberty, the natural and irrepressible taste for dramatic representations began to arise. The clergy denounced and endeavored to repress it; but finding it too strong and too general, they wisely turned it to account, and by diverting the cause of amusement from profane to sacred subjects, they contrived to extend their influence and interest among the people.

Thus arose the "Mystery," which in all the southern countries of Europe and in England and Germany, preceded the rise of the national drama. The subjects of the "Mysteries" were the remarkable events in biblical and legendary history. The name is derived from the circumstances that generally, though not invariably, they represent; the incarnation, the passion, the resurrection, and the other mysteries in the life of our Saviour. It is not our intention to follow up the history of the drama; our purpose is simply to furnish leaves from old books to amuse our readers.

The name of the first miracle play, or pageant of the Wildkirk collection, was "The Creation of the World," "Rebellion of Lucifer," "Death of Abel." One portion of it represents a field. Cain enters with a plough and team; one of his mules being named Donnyg. He quarrels with a boy because he will not drive him, after which Abel enters, and wishes that God may speed Cain and his boy. Cain replies unceremoniously, desiring Abel to go about his business. The murder afterwards takes place, and Cain hides himself.

EXTRACT.

"Deus. Cayn, Cayn?
Cayn. Who is it that calls me?
I am yonder; may thou not see?
Deus. Cayn, where is thy brother Abel?
Cayn. What asks thou me? I trow in hell,
At hell I trow he be!
Who so were there then mygt see!"

Cain, having been cursed, calls the boy and beats him; but, as he says, "to keep his hand in." He acknowledges that he has slain his brother, and the boy advises him to clear out, lest, as he expresses it, "the bayles take us." This is followed by some gross buffoonery, Cain making a mock proclamation in the king's name, and the boy repeating it blunderingly after him. Cain sends him away with the plough and horses, and ends the pageant with a speech to the spectators, bidding them farewell forever, before he "goes to the devil."

An incident is found in one of the miracle plays, which is quite poetic. Mary (the mother of Christ) seeing a cherry tree, longs for some of the fruit, and Joseph tells her, that he who is the father of the child may procure it for her; the tree instantly bows down to her hand. The rest of the piece is filled with the birth of our Saviour.

In the play of "Histriomastix," 1610, we read the following stage direction—Enter "a roaring devil with Vice on his back, Iniquity in one hand, and Inventus in the other."

In the second of the Chester series of plays, after the Deity has taken Eve out of the side of Adam, the latter observes—

"I see well, Lorde, through thy grace,
Bone of my bone, thou has her mace,
And flesh of my flesh she hase,
And my shape theugh the saive,
Wherefore she shall be called Iwyasse,
Virago, nothenge amisse,
For out of man taken she is,
And to man she shall draws."

In the [illegible] on the Coventry plays, we [illegible] the date of 1400, of "a chyverel gyld for Ihs;" meaning "a gilt beard for Jesus."

The clergy sometimes assisted in dramatic representations, when it does not appear they acted. In the performance of the play of "St. George," at Basingborne, in 1511, John Hobard, "a brotherhood priest," received £2, 8d., for "bearing the book," or in other words, for acting as prompter.

Gregory, a father of the Roman church, persuaded the people of Byzantium to represent in their theatre some chosen story from the Old and New Testaments, and to banish from the stage the profane compositions of Sophocles and Euripides. The Jews themselves had the stories of the Old Testament exhibited in a dramatic form, the principal characters of which at one time represented (written by one Ezekiel,) were Moses, Sephora, and God speaking from a bush. Moses delivers the prologue in a speech of sixty lines, and his rod is changed into a serpent on the stage.

Against Monkish prejudice and power, the drama had a hard struggle for existence; the actors, obliged to depend on the casual bounty of the nobility, or on their collection at fairs and festivals, were, with respect to their revenues, in a very precarious state. Nevertheless, it must have become of considerable importance, not only in England, but all over Christendom, "as the people of all nations are, by a council of the Lateran, forbidden to be present at stage plays, or to encourage tumblers and jesters." Can. 15, 16, Scrip. tom. 111, p. 734.

In 1400, was written a goodly interlude, called "Nature."

In the accounts of the church wardens of Tewkesbury, under date of 1578, we read as follows—"Payd for the players geers, six sheepskins for Christ's garments;" and in an inventory, contained in the same book, occur these words, with the date of 1585, "Eight heads of hair for the Apostles, and ten beards, and a face or vizier for the Devil!"

Chaucer was born in the year 1328; previous to that date, the miracle plays were given in the French language.

Thos. Nash was a contemporary of Marlowe, and wrote in the time of Queen Elizabeth. He has left behind him only one performance in writing, in which he alone was engaged—"Summer's Last Will and Testament;" it was exhibited before Elizabeth, in the autumn of 1592. He was concerned with Marlowe in penning "The Tragedy of Dido, Queen of Carthage," printed in 1599; also acted in the presence of the Queen, by the children of her chaplain. He also wrote a satirical play, calleded the "Isle of Dogs," in consequence of which he was imprisoned. The following apostrophic character of Nash, from a rare tract by Thos. Dekker, called "News from Hell," 1606, is worth quoting—

"And thou, into whose soul, if ever there were a Pythagorean *metempsychosis*, the raptures of that fiery and inconfinable Italian spirit were bounteously and boundlessly infused, though sometimes secretary to Pierce Penniless, and master of his requests, ingenious, fluent, facetious T. Nash; from whose abundant pen, honey flowed to thy friends, and mortal aconite to thy enemies—thou that made the Doctor (Harvey) a fiat dunce, and beat him at two sundry tall weapons, poetry and oratory; sharpest satire, luculent poet, elegant orator, get leave for thy ghost to come from its abiding, and to dwell with me awhile."

In 1590, was published a novel written by Thos. Lodge, called "Rosa Lynde," from which Shakespeare took the story of his play, "As You Like It."

* Wharton, Percy, Hawkins, Malone, and others, have concurred in calling them "Mysteries," a term at a very early date adopted in France. Dodsley, in the preface to the collection of old plays he published in 1744, seems to have been the first to use the word "Mystery," to denote one of our most ancient dramatic representations. The Latin word commonly employed for the purpose of denoting the infancy of the stage, was *Ludus*.

† The play of "St George" was performed at Windsor in 1416, before Henry V. It was also played in 1511. The miracle play of "St. Catherine," was played prior to 1119. The one of the earliest of the miracles, was written by Geoffry, Abbot of St. Albans.

A BLESSING.—A poor old Irish cripple sat begging at a bridge, urging his appeal to the charity of passengers with the eager and versatile eloquence of his country. A gentleman and lady, young, gay and handsome, with that peculiar look of gratified and complacent consciousness which indicates the first few weeks of married life, crossed the bridge. They regarded not the petitions of the beggar; so, just as they passed him, he exclaimed, "May the blessing of the Lord, which brings love and joy, and wealth, and a fine family, follow you all the days of your life." A pause; the couple passed heedlessly on, and the beggar, with a fine touch of caustic humor, added, "and never overtake you."

A CLEAR CASE.—Newspaper people are proverbially temperate as well as virtuous. We believe one of the craft did get "tightly alight," a few days ago, and the following is a sample of his paper the next day:

"Yesterday morning, at 4 o'clock P. M., a small man, named Jones or Smith, with a heel in the hole of his trowsers, committed suicide. The verdict of the inquest returned a jury that the deceased came to the fact in accordance with his death. He leaves a child and six small wives to lament the end of his untimely loss. In death we are in the midst of life."

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1863.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OSCAR, Po'keepsie.—"A bets B $10 against $5 that he, A, has a certain sum of money in his possession. B stakes his money, and while doing so, A borrows this certain sum of C; he then comes back, and says he will not bet such big odds, but will lay 6 to 5. B agrees to it—the money is all staked, and A shows this certain sum. Who wins, A or B?".....B wins, for it appears that when the bet was first proposed, A had *not* the sum in his possession, and his cunning trick was not smart enough to save him.

REGULAR READER.—1. It is our impression that she died two or three years ago. 2. The CLIPPER was not in existence at that time, and we have no means of getting at the bills of a date so remote. 3. We have a card photograph of Miss Kate Ormond, given to us by that young lady before she left for South America. The artist's name is not on the card, and we cannot say at what establishment it was taken, but think it was at one of the Bowery rooms.

W. T. D., Chicago.—According to a strict construction of the terms of the contract, the two 47's take the span of horses, and 44 is entitled to the mare. Had the agreement read that "the *two highest* throws shall take both prizes," then the two 47's would have had everything, but as it says the highest and *next* highest are entitled to the prizes, our opinion is, that 44, as next highest, takes the mare.

G. H., Cincinnati.—Do you know of any newspaper in the country that will vouch for the honesty of all parties that may favor them with an advertisement? If you do, send us a copy, that we may have it embalmed and elaborately framed. We know no more of the parties than you do, except by their advertisement and their paying for it.

GEO. NEWBOLD, London, Eng.—Up to Feb. 17, no letter from anybody. If E. J.'s misfired, those lithographs were two for Manager Henderson, Liverpool; one for Fred Ledger, Fred Taylor, Dorling, Maddick, and one for "the man with no whiskers." Ain't they "purty?"

JUSTICE, Philadelphia.—1. Your photograph of the old Chestnut Street Theatre makes a valuable addition to our collection. Many thanks for the same. 2. We do not wish to ask any favors of managers, and that is one reason why we did not write you.

PHELIM, Chicago.—The champion of England is obliged to fight all comers, according to the rules governing the Prize Ring, but he is not obliged to fight outside of England. He must meet white or black pugs, so long as they conform to the rules.

F. J. M., Norwich, Ct.—The longest canine contest recorded, was fought on Jan. 8, 1857, at 49 Madison street, N. Y., between the dogs Lew and Billy, the latter winning in five hours and twenty-six minutes.

J. H., Philadelphia.—There is not enough going on in the sporting world, just now, to warrant us in entering into the arrangement proposed. We are obliged to you, however, for the suggestion.

CONSTANT READER, Boston.—"A and B are playing All Fours A has one to make and B three. In the next hand A has the low, and B makes high, Jack, game. Does A or B win the game?".....A wins.

J. E. C., New York.—The club should christen itself, as none can know the tastes of the individuals so well as those composing it.

B., Philadelphia.—According to your statement, it is a lost bird. See rule published in our correspondents' column last week.

D. MCSWATTIGAN.—1. They generally select their own pieces. 2. The war has so interfered with our amateur associations, that we cannot say which is the best in the city.

R. W. W., 4th Vermont Vols.—We never engage in any enterprise that is not strictly "on the square," and we advise you to adopt the same policy.

READER OF CLIPPER.—They were traveling in Australia at last accounts. It is uncertain when they will return to the United States. See Foreign Summary in this issue.

THE OLD MAN'S SON.—A letter mailed at the time stated, ought to reach us by Monday morning. A summary from those places will be acceptable.

READER, Boston.—1. High Jack counts out before low game. 2. Where there is a tie in counting for game, the non-dealer is entitled to the point.

J. S. A., Worcester.—For a single insertion, 36 cents. For further particulars see our business card elsewhere. Duplicate your "ad." when remitting.

H. J. D., Hartford.—If we should extend the period, it would not give us sufficient time to read them all with that care and attention which is necessary to a proper decision.

FRED C., Camp Sumner.—1. We believe Adams did attempt the feat of walking 1500 miles in 1000 consecutive hours. 2. Jack S. is in town, but we haven't seen him yet.

JOHN R., Philadelphia.—If those papers haven't reached yet, we will send more if you will specify the particular numbers.

J. B. B.—He has left Philadelphia, and is now at one of the Washington theatres; Grover's, we think.

BULLY FOR YOU, Washington, Pa.—There are several who advertise in our columns that can supply you.

W. P. Y., New Brunswick.—Address Dick & Fitzgerald, No. 18 Ann street, New York.

C. S. S., Portland.—Ben Mallory died in Savannah, Georgia, about three years ago. He went there to benefit his health.

EUCHRE.—We hold that a player cannot go alone after his partner declares to assist him.

W. R. G.—Miss Helen Western is in England, performing in the provincial towns.

W. P. J., Baltimore.—The lady was married some years ago, but is not now living with her husband.

ROBERT C., New York.—Hatching eggs by steam, is something with which we are not familiar.

J. J. D.—They should be secured at the time of purchase: or when procured.

CLIPPER LOVER, near Fredericksburg, Va.—We are sorry that we are not sufficiently posted to inform you.

DICK.—Address some one of our advertisers of books.

STAMWOOD, Cincinnati.—Too late for this issue.

NEW ALBANY.—The lady was last at one of the Baltimore theatres.

ANOTHER SENSATION.

MORE TALK ABOUT HEENAN BEING MATCHED.

By the last mail from Europe we learn that some sporting gentlemen connected with the turf had been discussing the merits of certain pugilists, when a well-known "book-maker" spoke of Heenan, and the result was the posting of $25 (£5) a-side for Heenan to fight an "Unknown" in six months, for $5000 a side, with the understanding that the preliminaries should be arranged in a month's time. For a match for the large sum of ten thousand dollars, twenty-five dollars is a very insignificant deposit, especially among "book-makers." Heenan does not seem to have been present, neither does it appear that he has authorized any party to match him. We look upon the affair as one of those sensations which the Britishers appear to be so fond of getting up now-a-days. If there is anything in it, we shall learn very soon.

Mace's match with *his* Unknown is going ahead, although nothing is known of the Unknown. The general impression in London is, that Joe Coburn is the man. This, we know, is not correct. Coburn is matched here to meet McCoole, but whether it will ever come to a meeting we cannot say, as McCoole is among the absent, and may not turn up when wanted.

There is a growing disposition in London to induce Heenan to enter the ring again. This feeling is not confined to pugilistic circles, but is shared in by some of the upper crust gentry, and by many gentlemen of high standing in the records of the turf. Something may grow out of it yet; and, as we have all along said, Heenan may be forced into another ring encounter before he returns home. This ten thousand dollar match *may* suit him.

It is inferred by some, that the well-known book-maker is Jack MacDonald. Whether it is he or not, we doubt whether Heenan will respond, as just before going to press we were shown a letter from one who ought to know, that Heenan had been offered $1000 per week to perform the trapeze act in a circus, which he (Heenan) thought he would accept. Performing at that salary, would be rather better than fighting at any price, we should think.

"SPREES AND SPLASHES."—This long-expected series of the Recollections of Henry Morford, is at length issued, and a copy to hand. There are some twenty-seven short stories, each one of which appears to be a personal recollection of oddities and droll adventures the writer has encountered. Carlton, Publisher, 413 Broadway. Paper covers, 75 cents.

WE HAVE TAKEN PRUSSIA.—We received a letter from Berlin, last week, which informed us that our chess contributor, Theo. M. Brown, had spiked one of the big chess guns of Prussia. His opponent, we understand, broke his parole, and fled with the spoils. Particulars will probably be given in our chess column in due time.

THE THAMES CHAMPIONSHIP.

Although no international contest has taken place between the oarsmen of England and America, there is still a bare possibility of such an event transpiring either on this or the other side of the water; and this, in connection with the fact that a match was once nearly consummated between Ward and Chambers, causes the doings of the first class oarsmen of England, to be read with interest by Americans, more particularly when anything bearing the title of "Championship" is involved. "Champion of the Thames," is the highest honor attainable by oarsmen there, and his post is looked up to with envy. R. Chambers is the present champion, but his claim to the title is about to be contested by George Everson, and the second deposit of £25 a side was made on Jan. 20: and on February 5, another of a like amount was due. The Australian Champion, Richard Green, is on the lay for a row with the winner. He has been in England some time taking stock, and thinks his chances good. If he should succeed in defeating the winner of the pending match, perhaps he might be induced to come over here and try his hand. He would meet with a hearty welcome, and, we doubt not, very soon find some one worthy of his prowess to test his prow with. Here is a letter of his, written to some person in Sydney, from whence he hails, giving his views of matters and things in England:—

PUTNEY, 21st August, 1862.

DEAR ——, —I take the opportunity of writing to you by the mail, and to tell you that I am first-rate in health and strength, not having had an hour's sickness since I left my own dear home. I have seen plenty of the London rowers since being here, and have seen them row, and do not think them any better than we are at home. I am at present living with Kelly, and we are both training to row a mile as a trial, as Kelly says that if I can beat him for a mile, I can beat Chambers. I can already beat Kelly for a short distance, and am not yet in any condition to pull; so if all goes well I expect to be matched against Chambers next week, and I think, barring accidents, I shall beat the Champion of the Thames. I have been treated with great kindness since my arrival in England, and have found many friends; and if I had not I don't know what I should have done, as my friends in Sydney have greatly neglected me. I was promised that money would be forwarded to me in England, but not a penny have I received; so I trust that you and a few more kind friends will do all you can for me. I shall be enabled to send you more particulars next mail, and remain, yours sincerely,

RICHARD GREEN.

I have opened my letter to say that the match will not be made for a month, as I have received a letter from my brother to say that my boat will not be here before October, and I hope by then to receive the money to make the match with. R. G.

Should he row with the British Champion, we wish him every success, and hope he may win, providing he is the best man; after which, we should like to witness a bout on American waters between the crack oarsmen of the three countries. Until then, however, it will be hardly worth while for an American to try to get a match on, as the season will be all but past when the above two matches are concluded; and it will be hardly possible for it to take place before 1864. In the meantime, let American oarsmen, by trials of speed between themselves, add to their powers of propulsion. It will be just as well to fix beyond peradventure, who is the best man on our side, as there are still some doubts expressed about it, before looking for other worlds to conquer.

"THE LADY LISLE."—We have received this excellent novel by Miss M. E. Braddon, from Messrs. Dick & Fitzgerald, the Publishers, 18 Ann street, and consider it equally as good as "Lady Audley's Secret," from the same fertile pen. Copies sent to any address for 50 cents, free of postage.

IN TOWN.—Mr. Frank Thurber, of Providence, R. I., the famous chess player, who has been engaged in storming Jeff. Davis' castle, and trying to checkmate the Alabama, etc., way down South, at New Orleans and other places, was in town last week, and looked like a sturdy knight indeed.

SHOOTING SCRAPE IN CALIFORNIA BETWEEN EOFF, THE JOCKEY, AND MR. CHAPMAN.—On, or about the 18th ult., at the termination of a horse race, an affray occurred in the Pony Saloon, Kearney street, San Francisco, which resulted in Chapman's being badly wounded. On the evening of the day of the race, a dispute arose as to the justness of the referee's decision, Chapman asserting that it was just, Eoff that it was not; the latter is said to have abused Chapman and endeavored to get him into a quarrel. Chapman left the saloon, it is presumed, to arm himself, and returning shortly afterwards, Eoff retired to the back room, followed by Chapman. It appears as Mr. C. entered the inner room, Eoff exclaimed, "I know you are armed now, and if you draw I will shoot," which was followed by the shooting, Eoff's ball making a frightful wound on his opponent's right side, breaking one of his ribs, and following the muscles around to a little below the shoulder blade, where it remained. The ball from Chapman's pistol entered the wall near the ceiling. Eoff was immediately arrested and taken to prison, remarking, "He fired at me first any way." Chapman was taken to his room and attended to by three doctors, who had no hopes of his recovery. Mr. Chapman bore an estimable character for generosity, and has always proved himself a firm and constant supporter of the Union whenever money was required to help along any partiotic cause. Eoff has always been known for his thorough knowledge of trotting horses. He first became known to the general public of California, so says the *Alta Californian*, by a rencontre with one of the Lloyd family at the Ocean House, on account of his abduction of a young sister of the party with whom he had the difficulty. He again filled the public eye by his handling of the fleet mare Princess, both on the California turf and in her matches with Flora Temple in the East. While in New Orleans he was mobbed for his alleged foul practices on the turf, and a similar fate befel him at the Union Course on Long Island. He returned to California and figured in a race by which several parties, who trusted to his plighted word, were sold and bankrupted, and has frequently been the subject of comment in the racing reports, for his unprincipled conduct.

THE STAR CLUB.—This prominent Brooklyn club is making due preparations to make the season of 1863 one as brilliant and successful as any in the annals of the club. They had their first meeting this year on Thursday night last, and made it the occasion of a little jollification; a nice little chowder supper being provided by the proprietor of the hotel which they make their headquarters, viz.: Fitzharris's in Atlantic street. The club musters over 80 paying members, and a first class lot of young men they are too, both as regard their social positions as well as their ability as players. They have four good nines. Their first nine includes some of the best players in the city now, and on their opening day they will present a team that will rather open the eyes of the base-ball clubs in Brooklyn. Their second nine is also a very strong one, and their third as good as many a second nine. And their muffin nine is—well we won't attempt to describe it, but we'll wait until they have their first match, which will be early in May, as the Star muffins are going to play a dozen matches this next season.

The Stars are aiming for the championship, and it is on the cards for them to come pretty near it, if not actually successful enough to grasp the coveted honors.

BILLIARDS.

AFTERNOON BILLIARD MATINEE.—A convention of the most famous billiard players of this city occurred at C. O'Connor's saloon in Fourteenth street, on the afternoon of the 10th inst. Play commenced at 3 o'clock, P. M., at which time, in the neighborhood of three hundred persons were present, the "upper ten" being well represented. The first passage at arms was between the veteran Phelan and young Deery, 500 points up, carom game, and on a carom table. There was nothing remarkable in the play of either, Deery's average being bad, and Phelan's worse. We attribute it to the fact that the light was bad, the strong daylight from the windows blending with the gaslight, giving a very peculiar hue to the cloth, and a sort of double shadow to the balls, more than sufficient to throw any old stager off the scent. Deery's average was 16 2-3, and Phelan's less than 10½. The former's highest count was 79, and the latter 74. At the conclusion of the above game, another, similar in conditions, was played by Goldthwaite and Kavanagh. At the mention of their names, quite a buzz of applause and congratulations "ascended to ye heavens" from the friends of both, more interest being attached to their bout because of the friendly rivalry that exists between them, and the divided opinion in regard to their respective merits. By some it is thought that in a match for money Kavanagh would distance Goldthwaite; others think it would be a close thing, and there are those who award Goldthwaite the palm in any event, and at whatever sort of a game. These opinions are worthless, however, as nothing short of a trial of skill "for soap" will fix their relative status as Knights of the Cue. Both are first-class players, without a doubt, and each one excels in different directions. For instance, Goldthwaite, we think, brings the balls together rather better than Kavanagh, while the latter makes the best use of them when he gets them there. At least, so it has been in the majority of cases when we have seen them opposed to each other. That a match will soon be made to test their respective merits, we have not the least reason to doubt; but instead of one game of 1,000 or 2,000 points, we are of opinion that a number of games, say the best in five or seven, of 500 points up, would prove to be a much better criterion of skill, for the reason, that when so many points are played at one time, it rests as much on physical endurance as skill with the cue. Will our billiard magnates think of this? The game played on the afternoon in question was rather a one-sided affair, Goldthwaite taking the lead from the start and keeping it all through, winning finally by 169 points. And that's what Paddy gave the drum. It was played in fifty minutes, and Goldthwaite made the exceeding good average of 31 6-16, while Kavanagh's was over 22. The former's run of 201 was loudly applauded, and the chances are that he would have enlarged upon it but for the nervousness caused by the cheering. Let us stick a pin here, and remember that when looking on at matches for money, cheering is very apt to disconcert a player, and should be avoided. Strict order and quiet should be observed at all billiard matches of importance. Kavanagh's 89 and 101 in succession, made his game look more healthy, and were also heartily applauded. The third game was between Deery and Goldthwaite, in which the latter did not play anything near as brilliantly as with Kavanagh; but Deery improved upon his former bout, and gave some excellent specimens of his skill, and finally won by 68 points. His 124 was the highest count in the game, his average about 17¼, and Goldthwaite's 15½. The company present were exceedingly well pleased with the display, many of them having never seen such wonders before. The neighborhood, the cleanliness of the saloon, the costly furniture, etc., attract a first-class set of amateur and professional players there at all times, but the event of Tuesday last brought them out in greater force than ever, and the affable Sir Christopher was all in his glory. Billiards are evidently in the ascendant, and unless we mistake the signs of the times, some important matches are soon to be played. So mote it be. Annexed are tables of the games, arranged in the order played:

FIRST GAME.

PHELAN.			DEERY.		PHELAN.			DEERY.	
Shot.	*Count.*	*Total.*	*Count.*	*Total.*	*Shot.*	*Count.*	*Total.*	*Count.*	*Total.*
1..	0....	0	7....	7	16..	0....	139	2....	166
2..	18....	18	3....	10	17..	17....	156	3....	169
3..	8....	26	9....	19	18..	6....	162	78....	247
4..	11....	37	8....	27	19..	0....	162	19....	266
5..	2....	39	7....	34	20..	9....	171	79....	345
6..	1....	40	15....	49	21..	19....	190	14....	359
7..	3....	43	4....	53	22..	4....	194	0....	359
8..	8....	51	38....	91	23..	5....	199	5....	364
9..	9....	60	45....	136	24..	17....	216	12....	378
10..	37....	97	5....	141	25..	0....	216	2....	380
11..	3....	100	2....	143	26..	17....	233	24....	404
12..	0....	100	15....	158	27..	5....	238	20....	424
13..	22....	122	2....	160	28..	74....	312	61....	485
14..	4....	126	2....	162	29..	0....	312	9....	494
15..	13....	139	2....	164	30..	0....	312	7....	501

SECOND GAME.

GOLDTHWAITE.			KAVANAGH.		GOLDTHWAITE.			KAVANAGH.	
Shot.	*Count.*	*Total.*	*Count.*	*Total.*	*Shot.*	*Count.*	*Total.*	*Count.*	*Total.*
1..	0....	0	0....	0	9..	0....	262	12....	115
2..	41....	41	0....	0	10..	2....	264	0....	115
3..	23....	64	9....	9	11..	0....	264	0....	115
4..	4....	68	8....	17	12..	24....	288	6....	121
5..	52....	120	0....	17	13.	201....	489	89....	210
6..	77....	197	49....	66	14..	0....	489	101....	311
7..	59....	256	9....	75	15..	5....	494	20....	331
8..	6....	262	28....	103	16..	8....	502		

THIRD GAME.

DEERY.			GOLDTHWAITE.		DEERY.			GOLDTHWAITE.	
Shot.	*Count.*	*Total.*	*Count.*	*Total.*	*Shot.*	*Count.*	*Total.*	*Count.*	*Total.*
1..	0....	0	0....	0	16..	2....	359	2....	261
2..	88....	88	0....	0	17..	5....	364	3....	264
3..	4....	92	3....	3	18..	0....	364	6....	270
4..	0....	92	91....	94	19..	7....	371	35....	305
5..	0....	92	0....	94	20.	31....	402	0....	305
6..	69....	161	3....	97	21..	8....	410	0....	305
7..	22....	183	8....	105	22..	0....	410	16....	321
8..	18....	201	0....	105	23..	5....	415	0....	321
9..	8....	209	0....	105	24..	0....	415	76....	397
10..	2....	211	12....	117	25.	18....	433	0....	397
11..	0....	211	10....	127	26..	5....	438	0....	397
12..	2....	213	0....	127	27..	2....	440	31....	428
13.	124....	337	132....	259	28..	17....	457	5....	433
14..	4....	341	0....	259	29..	44....	501		
15..	16....	357	0....	259					

BIG RUNS AT BILLIARDS.—On the evening of the 11th inst., another re-union of billiard celebrities took place, at Roberts' saloon, in the *Times* building. Messrs. Phelan and Goldthwaite started the ball, in a game of 300 points, the latter winning, finishing with a big run of 193. The next encounter was between Kavanagh and Deery, 500 points up, which Deery won by nearly two to one, through making the high count of 301 and running the game out. As a matter of course, he was frequently applauded, and at the close, a stranger passing in the vicinity might have supposed a thunder storm was raging near by, or that an earthquake was about to wake up the people. Verily, the boys kept the balls rolling to big figures. But when shall we have a match for "soap?" Goldthwaite is anxious to try conclusions with some big gun, and all eyes are turned towards Kavanagh, but as yet he has not responded. If Kavanagh declines, why don't you try Goldthwaite's metal, Deery? Here are the scores above referred to:—

FIRST GAME.

PHELAN.			GOLDTHWAITE.		PHELAN.			GOLDTHWAITE.	
Shot.	*Count.*	*Total.*	*Count.*	*Total.*	*Shot.*	*Count.*	*Total.*	*Count.*	*Total.*
1..	0....	0	0....	0	12..	55....	112	0....	56
2..	4....	4	0....	0	13..	5....	117	0....	56
3..	0....	4	6....	6	14.	42....	159	10....	66
4..	0....	4	8....	14	15..	7....	166	3....	69
5..	5....	9	0....	14	16..	5....	171	27....	96
6..	10....	19	0....	14	17..	31....	202	13....	109
7..	13....	32	22....	36	18..	6....	208	0....	109
8..	8....	40	5....	41	19..	5....	213	0....	109
9..	5....	45	0....	41	20.	15....	228	3....	112
10..	7....	52	11....	52	21..	0....	228	193....	305
11..	5....	57	4....	56					

SECOND GAME.

KAVANAGH.			DEERY.		KAVANAGH.			DEERY.	
Shot.	*Count.*	*Total.*	*Count.*	*Total.*	*Shot.*	*Count.*	*Total.*	*Count.*	*Total.*
1..	0....	0	32....	32	11.	14....	187	0....	300
2..	24....	24	0....	32	12.	31....	218	2....	302
3..	0....	24	26....	58	13..	2....	220	0....	302
4..	6....	30	47....	105	14..	0....	220	0....	302
5..	48....	78	77....	182	15.	19....	239	2....	304
6..	6....	84	3....	185	16..	9....	248	7....	311
7..	22....	106	4....	189	17.	11....	259	2....	313
8..	17....	123	0....	189	18..	7....	266	12....	325
9..	13....	136	45....	234	19..	0....	266	301....	626
10.	37....	173	66....	300					

THE RING.

ANOTHER ROOM FIGHT—NICK HAYES AND JOE SPENCER.—The Northern Light—bound for San Francisco, with Billy Clarke and Harry Lazarus on board—had barely got out of sight before a little miff was under way that would have delighted either one of them to see. After leaving Pier 3 North River, a party of the boys made tracks direct for a certain East side hotel to witness a bit of sport to come off that very afternoon (Feb. 16) between Nick Hayes and Joe Spencer for a purse. A referee being selected in the person of Pete Gallagher, of ten-pin renown, and the judges—Phil Hargrave for Spencer, and Stewart for Hayes—chosen, all having been arranged, they crossed daddles previous to the attack. Nick was seconded as in his match with Patsy Daly, by Dick Hollywood and Mike Dorsey; Spencer by Jack Bath and Lanan. They fought like game cocks for 34 minutes, and worried 22 rounds through, when Nick, whether accidentally or otherwise doesn't appear, hit Joe a kick, and on being appealed to the referee decided kicking was foul and diabolical. Nick got worsted in the wrestling, and was down near every round, but he exhibited more science than Joseph. Spencer got first blood in the seventh round. An appeal was made against Nick in the 16th round, but Pete's mandate was "set 'em up again and fight on." Everything was managed decently and in order, going far to show that there needn't be the least difficulty in getting off a fight if those interested in the secret will only keep a still tongue. Nick called on us the following day very little the worse for the contest.

JAMES COFFEE TO THE CARELESS BOY—A SHARP REJOINDER.—Mr. Coffee expresses great surprise at the Careless Boy's challenging him to a glove encounter, when, (as Coffee says,) he, Careless Boy, knows it would be impossible for him to have fair play among the disreputable crowds that visit his house. Coffee scorns to spar or fight "Careless" for money, but he promises to give him all the fight he wants whenever they meet. We have weeded Mr. Coffee's letter of certain strong words that would do nobody any good to see in print, but none of the "intent" is lost by it.

FAREWELL BENEFIT TO JACK BATH, ON THURSDAY NIGHT, Feb. 19.—We are happy to announce that our suggestions have met with universal approval in regard to getting up a big benefit for Jack Bath, and it is fixed to come off at the Oriental Gymnasium, Bayard street, between Elizabeth and Bowery, on Thursday, the 19th. All the available fistic talent of New York and Brooklyn will most likely be on hand, and we anticipate one of the greatest boxing nights of the season. "Ould Jack" and Young Barney Aaron are to give the wind-up. To suit everybody, the admission is only Twenty-Five Cents to all part of the house. Jack leaves for California on Saturday, Feb. 21st, in the steamer Champion.

TOMMY MEAKIM TO ABRAHAMS.—Meakim wishes Mr. Abrahams to understand that talking's one thing and business another, and if, instead of the former, he will attend to the latter, he can be accommodated at any time and for any amount, from five cents to $100 or $300. Abrahams is aware that Meakim can always be seen or heard of at Jem Giddings, 280 Hudson avenue, Brooklyn, ready to make a match; or Meakim will meet Abrahams anywhere he may choose to name, if he'll stick to his word.

GEORGE M. DOW WANTS TO FIGHT JAMES A. ST. JOHN.—Among the "thousand-and-one" challenges that have appeared recently in our columns, hardly a single one has resulted in a fight. This *may* prove an exception, but "darn our picter" if we ever heard of either of them. George's proclamation reads thus:—"I, the undersigned, hereby challenge James A. St. John, of Boston, to fight me a fair stand-up fight according to the rules of the London P. R., for from $200 to $500 a side, to come off three months from the first deposit. An answer through the CLIPPER will receive prompt attention as man and money are both ready.

NEW YORK, Feb. 12. GEORGE M. DOW.

A LITTLE "GO" IN WASHINGTON BY MOONLIGHT.—On the evening of the 5th inst., Bill Hues and D. Anderson had a bit of a fuss at one of the Washington theatres, and both being agreeable, adjourned to a secluded spot to fight it out. A few friends accompanied them, serving to make a ring instead of the usual ropes and stakes. They had seconds and things generally were conducted according to Fistiana. Hues had nearly everything his own way for some fourteen minutes, when a change came o'er the scene, and Anderson took the lead, completely demolishing his man in sixteen rounds, fought in twenty-seven minutes. Hues punished Anderson very severely the fore part of the fight, and great praise is due the latter for his gameness and perseverance. A fresh match is expected for money.

DICK HOLYWOOD DEFINES HIS POSITION TO NOBBY CLARKE.—Richard Holywood desires us to say that as he has just started in business, it wouldn't pay him to neglect that and go through a long course of training—otherwise he should be most happy to oblige. Little Billy will therefore have to look around for another customer to decide who shall be Champion of the Feather Weights.

MIKE DORSEY TAKES UP "PUNCH'S" CARTEL.—Young Dorsey is desirous of a shy at "Punch," because Holywood's business won't admit of him taking it up just now, and hereby agrees to accept the challenge. As "Punch" once appeared exceedingly anxious to meet Dorsey, he can now be on at his own price. Man and money ready at Dick Holywood's CLIPPER Shades, No. 40 East Broadway; or a deposit, if sent to our office, will be covered by Dorsey.

TO KIT BURNS.—Fred M. Snow sends his regards to Brockey Burns, with his distinguished assurance of renewed consideration. Fred would like to see Napoleon the Fifth on board a man-of war, just for the benefit of his exhilarating company. We fancy Kit "won't see it."

BIG FIGHT UNDER WAY.—Macnamara and Mulvielle, two prominent sports and politicians, are to try themselves in a fist fight next Monday, providing no interruptions occur. It will be a dusty affair. It is expected that Macnamara will show at Jack Bath's benefit, so you'd better go see him; he's a "nasty boy," as the saying goes.

MIKE DORSEY'S BENEFIT.—We have a long and interesting account of this first-rate sparring exhibition in type, which is unavoidably crowded out. It will keep, however, till next week.

JOE COBURN AND CON OREM OFF FOR PHILADELPHIA.—These gentlemen started for Philadelphia this (Monday) afternoon, and will probably give an exhibition there on Thursday evening. Captain Mike Norton, U. S. A., follows them in a day or two. Their programme will appear from week to week in the CLIPPER, as both will write to us at different times, and keep us posted. They will visit the capitol at Washington, and all the leading places this side of the Rappahannock. We predict for them great success everywhere.

CHALLENGE TO ABRAHAMS OR WALKER.—Tom O'Conner will fight Harry Abrahams or Charley Walker at catch weight for $100 a side or upwards, to come off one month after the first deposit. Man and money ready at Dick Holywood's Clipper Shades, No. 40 East Broadway.

FOREIGN SPORTING ITEMS IN BRIEF.

CHAMPIONSHIP.

JEM MACE AND THE UNKNOWN.—£200 A SIDE AND THE BELT.—There is nothing at present authentic come to light respecting the individuality of the Unknown, although rumor, as usual, has set various reports on the wing. The general opinion, however, appears to be in favor of Joe Coburn, the American, as the Unknown. Some, who ought to be able to form an opinion, seem inclined to believe that the Unknown will turn out to be Nat Langham's big black; but, if so, he must have got into fresh hands, as Nat assured us last week that he did not know who the "dark aspirant" would prove to be.

HEENAN AND AN UNKNOWN MATCHED FOR £2000.—Early in the week, at a well known rendezvous at the West-end, a large number of racing gentlemen were assembled, and amongst other exciting topics discussed were the respective merits of the present school of boxers, when a well-known book-maker brought up the name of Heenan; and, after some lively *badinage*, a match was made for the American to fight an Unknown, in six months, for £1000 a side, and £5 a side was staked instanter with Mr. Owen Swift, which has to be increased, and preliminaries arranged, in a month's time from the first deposit.—*Sporting Life, Jan. 28.*

RENEWED FIGHT BETWEEN HARTLEY AND FINIGHTY.—These lads met again on Jan. 28, according to the decision of the referee, about sixty miles from London, and fought 11 more rounds in 55 minutes, when the referee decided it a drawn battle, as neither man seemed inclined to finish.

POSH PRICE AND JACK PARKINSON—SECOND DAY.—On Jan. 27 these men again came together, near Birmingham, and this time brought the affair to a satisfactory conclusion, after a slashing battle of 23 rounds, in exactly one hour. Parkinson's seconds, at the instigation of his brother, who saw he had no chance to win, humanely threw up the sponge, and Posh Price scored his seventeenth victory! Price's backers have presented him with a gold watch and chain. The only battles Posh lost were with Jem Mace and Joe Goss. We may probably give details of these fights in our next.

EXTRAORDINARY LEAP.—It is stated by Mr. E. Bolton, of Warrington, Eng., that on Jan. 22, a chestnut mare belonging to a Mr. Pemberton, jumped 31 feet, in "cold blood." The jumping is well enough, but the cold blood part appears like desperate business.

MR. SIMON NICHOLSON, an old British Turf Sport, died on Jan. 20. He was upwards of 80 years of age.

A RACKET HANDICAP was concluded at St. John's Courts, Cambridge, Eng., on Dec. 13. The first prize was a silver cup; the second was of pewter. Out of thirty-two entries, a Mr. Warner was the winner.

OFF FOR AUSTRALIA.—Another eleven cricketers from England are, it is stated, to go to Australia next fall, with Geo. Parr to boss the team. The probable selection is as follows:—Geo. Parr, Grundy, Jackson, Daft, Tarrant, Hayward, Carpenter, Anderson, Caffyn, H. H. Stephenson, and Griffiths. £600, exclusive of passage money, are to be divided between the men before starting.

"HOSS FELLERS" AT BILLIARDS.—The second billiard handicap of the season at Newmarket, Eng., was played on the 21st ult., in which most of the principal trainers and jockeys took part. R. Stephenson won "the pot."

THE AMERICAN HORSE UMPIRE, by Lecomte, out of Alice Carneal, is weighted at 8 stone 6 lbs for the Chester Cup.

BOXING IN IRELAND.—Nat Langham, Jem Dillon, Bob Webb, and one or two other notabilities of the P. R., gave an exhibition at the Rotunda, Dublin, on Jan. 7, which was every way successful. Nat is an evident favorite with the Dubliners.

ENGLISH PUGILISTS AT BERLIN.—A letter from Berlin says:—"At the Circus Carre, in Fredrichs Strasse, on Monday evening, a phenomenon was witnessed of a character which is very rare in Germany. It was the *debut* of the 'world-renowned English boxers, Alec Keene and Jerry Noon'—the latter of whom, the German public are informed, is 'the only man in the 'profession' who has never been beaten.' The house was crowded to excess to witness the 'display of 'science.'"

DEATH OF A BRITISH YACHTSMAN.—Mr. Richard Green, not the Australian Champion, but an eminent ship owner and yachtsman, died at London, Eng., on Jan. 17, in the 59th year of his age.

DEATH OF A FAMOUS JOCKEY.—Ralph Bullock, a famous English jockey, died at his residence at Middleham, at the age of 23, on Jan. 23.

SIR VINCENT COTTON, a staunch patron of the ring and other sports, died in England on Jan. 25.

A BILLIARD HANDICAP, played at the Surrey Club House, was concluded on Jan. 22, in favor of a Mr. Wardell, by *one point only*. Close shave that.

A BILLIARD MATCH between Mulberry and Hughes, was played at Twickenham on Jan. 22. Mulberry cleared his 1000 points 114 ahead. His largest score (at the Englisb game) was 83.

THE ATHLETIC SPORTS, gotten up for the benefit of the Lancashire operatives, at Hackney Wick, on the 24th and 26th Jan., although very interesting, were not pecuniarily a success to the extent expected and desired.

ANOTHER BIG JUMP.—The horse Forester, on Jan. 3, when hunting, cleared, over a fence, 37 feet 5 inches, measuring from the toe of the hind foot nearest the fence to the heel of the fore foot nearest the fence. How are you, Dick Turpin?

COCK FIGHT AT UTICA.—The battle that took place on the 7th inst., between Christian and Jordan's mains, did not result satisfactorily, and the former party complain bitterly of the opposition for their lack of scruples as to the way they make money; selling tickets, pocketing the whole proceeds when half of it belonged to another party, etc. Only two fights took place, Christian winning both, when Jordan declined proceeding with the campaign. A main between Jordan and an Albany party is spoken of, when it is hoped that fair dealing will be the rule.

A COCK FIGHT takes place at Troy this week, particulars of which we may possibly give next week.

PEDESTRIANISM IN TROY.—A foot race of 160 yards was ran on the Lansingburgh road, near Troy, on the 7th inst., for $100 between John Smith and Ed. Wells, which the latter won by about two yards. The correct time was not kept. Over one thousand persons were on hand to witness the

THEATRICAL RECORD.

MOVEMENTS, BUSINESS, AND INCIDENTS OF THE THEATRICAL, CIRCUS, MUSICAL, AND MINSTREL PROFESSION.

OUR LETTER BOX.

We have letters for Messrs. Duprez & Green, Tony Denier, E. B. Cunnion, B. W. Carroll, Edwin Holmes, Col. T. Allstone Brown, William Pridham, Wattie Rusher, and J. H. Rogers.

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, February 16, 1863.

We have had a sensation, during the week just closed, in the shape of a marriage between a couple of dwarfs—Charles Stratton and Lavinia Warren. The former has been a long time before the public, showing as a natural curiosity, under the management of Mr. Barnum; while the latter has also been out some time, exhibiting under the direction of Col. Wood. Stratton must be old, quite old, by this time, for, if our memory serves us right, when he was first introduced to the public by Barnum, he was then reported at eighteen or twenty years of age. He then traveled as Tom Thumb, and made the tour of Europe, as well as of America. We *now* find that he was born in Bridgeport, Conn., on the 4th of February, 1838. In his early career, it seems to have been the showman's object to make the dwarf as old as he possibly could. Now, a little must be cut off to make his years more in accordance with the age of the woman. Lavinia Warren is reported as having been born in Middleboro', Massachusetts, on the 31st of October, 1842. This matrimonial alliance between Stratton and Warren took place at Grace Church, Broadway and Tenth street, on Tuesday, Feb. 10, in the presence of a "crowded and appreciative audience," while "thousands were turned away, being unable to obtain admittance." The performance was to have taken place at Trinity Church, but, on account of the speculative character of the event, the Rev. Mr. Dix refused to hire the place to the showman—Barnum being the great head and front of the show. After some little difficulty, Grace Church was secured. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Wiley, of Bridgeport, Conn., assisted by Rev. Mr. Taylor, Rector of Grace Church. Com. Nutt was groomsman, and a sister of Miss Warren acted as bridesmaid. The Bishop was not present, neither does it appear that the inevitable Brown, the fashionable sexton, was connected with the entertainment. The two dwarfs were made into one dwarf about 12½ o'clock, and Barnum had accomplished his end. The spectators were dressed in what is called "full dress" and undress, more of the latter than the former. Policemen were detailed to preserve order, outside and in, and vehicles were not allowed to pass along Broadway, in the neighborhood of the church, but were turned off into other channels. At the conclusion of the ceremony, the bridal party returned to the Metropolitan Hotel, where a reception followed, and where the gifts—supposed to have been presented to the little couple by speculative tradesmen, anxious for a free advertisement of their wares—were to be seen by those who had the right of *entree*; but those cute Yankee traders were not so successful as they had anticipated, the papers refusing to give such conniving speculators the benefit of a notice gratis. Had this marriage been conducted in the quiet and sacred manner which ought to characterize such solemn and important events, or had it been some poor and humble show people that were being united in marriage, do you think the Tiffanys, the Parkinsons, or other tradespeople, would have been at hand with their presents? No. They gave, probably, because everything was to be made public, and because the marriage and presents were to be advertised *gratis* throughout the country. We look upon the marriage of the dwarfs Stratton and Warren as a beastly piece of business; not, mind you, on account of the mere fact of their being united as man and wife, but owing to the circumstances connected with the union. The ceremony of a marriage alliance loses all its solemnity when concocted and carried out by a professional showman for mere speculative purposes; and in such light we view the union of Stratton and Warren, under the auspices of Barnum. In the church, remarks of the most obscene character were passed from one to the other, the "ladies" even being as lavish of their disgusting small talk as the men. Says one: "I *do* wonder if they'll do like other married folks?" Says another: "Don't you think she is too small to have children?" The worst cannot be told. Outside the "sacred house of God," the conversation had, and the scenes enacted, were of a filthy and bestial nature. It seemed as if Mercer, Howard, Church, and kindred streets, had vomited forth their hundreds and thousands of prostitutes and pimps to do honor to Barnum's great marriage carnival. The Five Points and their tributaries were largely represented, and Water street had its delegations in front of Grace Church, each one of these vile creatures vieing with the other in the filth and obscenity of their remarks. The display at Grace Church on the 10th eclipsed all of Barnum's previous efforts—his mermaid, his woolly horse, his nigger nurse, his "What Is It?" and ther manufactures, all sink into insignificance in contrast with the joining together of the two dwarfs. To cap the climax, the showman should have had them on exhibition at his Museum, giving a series of living tableaux, such as preparing for bed—disrobing—ascent into the bridal couch—the bridal pair under cover, and so-forth. For what reason these points were excluded from the programme we have not been able to ascertain. The bridal party left this city on Wednesday, and arrived in Philadelphia the same evening; but, although the expected arrival of the dwarfs was announced in the evening papers, there was no excitement, no crowd, and but few callers, the whole thing proving a failure, as far as Philadelphia was concerned. Although it was announced, previous to the marriage, that Miss Warren would never be publicly exhibited after the nuptials, yet it is very probable that the pair will make the tour of Europe, and perhaps of the world. The marriage was based on speculative and money-making purposes, and as there is "money in it," the "enterprise" will be carried out to the end.

There is a story current that card photographs of innocent and respectable young girls, and even married women, are being used for very immoral purposes. A short time ago, an advertisement appeared in one of the daily papers, the purport of it being that the advertiser wished "to make the acquaintance of a young lady with a view to matrimony," etc. The writer received several replies, among them one enclosing a card photograph of a very pretty little actress now engaged for one of our Broadway theatres. There was no name to the picture by which he could ascertain anything as to the identity of the lady; but on the back of the card was the name of the photographer and his place of business. Thither the love-struck gentleman repaired—exhibited his card—asked whose likeness it was—was told Miss —— ——, residing at such and such a place. Everything seemed to favor him—away he went to the residence of the lady, asked to see her, and was ushered into the presence of the actress, whom, no sooner did he see, than he was about to go down on bended knee, when an explanation was demanded by the enraged lady. The man saw at once that he had been made the dupe of some designing scamp, made a suitable apology, and sneaked out of the house a much wiser man than he entered it. Card photographs of pure young girls, just entering upon life, have been shown to customers at houses of ill fame, and the possession of their persons promised on the payment of a certain sum of money. Prostitutes and their "lovers" have, in their possession, card likenesses of married men and women, of high standing in the community, and these likenesses are frequently made use of for some vile purpose. The tongue of scandal, through the medium of card photographs, can blast the reputation of almost any one. Do the parents of a young girl know—when having their child's likeness taken—that that same likeness of their pure and innocent girl is liable to be hawked about in taverns, in houses of prostitution, and in the lowest haunts of society? Does that father know that his child's character may be ruined through these card likenesses? If he does not, it is time that a warning voice should reach his ears. Every likeness taken by a photographer is just one more added to his saleable collection. What is called a "negative" picture is taken from life, and it is from this negative that the cards are copied. The cards are handed to the customer, but the "negative," from which any number of copies may be taken, remains in the possession of the photographer. Go into any of our photographic establishments, and there you will see piles of card photographs, of public and private characters, for sale. You may find the likeness of your beloved daughter among them, your sister, your wife, all open for inspection, and for sale at the small price of 25 cents each. Any one can buy them. The porter house proprietor can decorate his bar-room with such pictures; the dance house keeper may hang them up on his walls, and pass them off as public girls. Twenty-five cents for the picture of your innocent daughter, wife, or sister—hawked about from hand to hand, from house to house, and made the subject of immoral conversation in public bar-rooms. It is time that this card photographic business received a check, and that check should be the destruction of all negatives which photographers have not received permission to retain. We cannot see by what right a negative should be held by photographic artists, or by what right those artists make a public sale of pictures which were originally intended for private, family, or friendly purposes. Numbers of young girls have no doubt been ruined by the sale of their pictures by photographers. These people, as in the case above referred to, not only sell the pictures, but they can give information concerning the residence, etc., of their customers. Let parents who value the future happiness and character of their children, be careful how they allow them to sit for card photographs. Let no negative remain in the keeping of proprietors of photographic establishments. In a future number of the CLIPPER we may have something to say about prostitutes, and such like characters, who visit our "picture establishments," and, for a consideration, "strip themselves to the buff," and stand, lie, and sit for "photographic cards;" the same artist who arranges the virtuous girl for a picture, also handling the unclean things.

Toney Denier, comic pantomimist, of the New Bowery Theatre, will make a first appeal to his New York friends on Friday evening, Feb. 27, when a great bill may be expected. Toney has been for some time engaged on a new sensation piece, with the voluble title of "Triangular Miraculum, or the Three-Legged Wonder," which will be produced for the first time, with many new tricks and transformations. From a brief description of some of the scenes and incidents to be introduced, we believe it will be one of the funniest pantomimes ever played. Toney's friends, on his benefit night, ought to, and doubtless will, fill the house "chock full," to quote from Horace Greeley when *he* used to frequent the pit of our city theatres.

The Pan-te-nat-ice-ca of the War, a series of dissolving views, and a Panorama of Mont Blanc, is on exhibition at the Stuyvesant Institute, under the direction of Mr. Gunnion.

Mr. Edwin Booth had a good week of it at the Winter Garden. This evening he opens with Shylock.

Minnie Warren, another "dwarfess," is being trained by Barnum at his curiosity shop.

Max Maretzek announces a season of Italian opera, commencing March 2d. The "Italians" comprise the Havana troupe.

Big thing at Bryants'. Laughing gas triumphant. Go see 'em take it—it's immense.

Wallack's old theatre, corner of Broome street and Broadway, is to be opened early in March, by Messrs. Fox and Curran, as a music hall. The gentlemen are well known in New York, as enterprising managers, and under anything like favorable circumstances, their success is a foregone conclusion.

"Who'll have me?" Don't all speak at once, now, but wait awhile till we explain. Those three words are the first line of a song Charley Fox sings at Wood's Minstrels as the "Broadway Belle," and with such ludicrous effect that the ushers laugh as heartily as the casual visitors. Charley also sings, "If your foot is pretty, show it," another screaming take-off at the concert-salpons, accompanying action to the words. This is a new idea in minstrelsy, and proves Manager Wood's great tact in keeping up such a succession of originalities. We looked in Saturday night, found the aisles all packed, and many unable to get seats at all. Moral: To those who take their belles along—go early, and then the girls can see those they so much admire, the sweet balladist or fascinating dancer, to the best advantage. We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the ballad, "How long the hours seem, love," the words by the proprietor, Mr. Henry Wood, the music by Mr. P. B. Isaacs. It will undoubtedly prove a favorite with the ladies, and we hope the gentlemen will not neglect to *encore* it for them, just to please the "little dearies."

A musical, operatic, dramatic, and terpsichorean agency, is now started at no 63 East Fourteenth street, by Mr. F. Bullman. See his advertisement.

A well-filled house was the result of the first night's representation of Walcot's new version of Planche's burlesque extravaganza of "The Fair One with the Golden Locks," at Laura Keene's, on Monday night, Feb. 9th. But the representations made in the bills, which were calculated to lead one to expect something extraordinarily nice and attractive in the musical burlesque line, were not by any means realized, if we exclude the praiseworthy acting of the charming star of the evening, Mrs. John Wood, whose brilliancy was in great contrast to the—very much lesser lights that revolved around her on the evening in question. The first act was very good, the fire of wit being well aimed, and severe on the prominent follies of the day. Towards the latter part, however, it slackened up considerably, and the piece gave evidence that a little pruning would do it no harm. Mrs. Wood got off a capital hit against the men in uniform, who seem much more fond of strutting up and down Broadway, with their sweethearts, than they are of parading the banks of the Rappahannock on duty. The music was a little too good for the not over cultivated ears of our regular theatrical *habitues*. A little more infusion of the minstrel-air-and-dance style, would have elicited more appreciative applause. The scenery was but so-so, and the errors were more than those of a first night. That moveable arch can be dispensed with to great advantage. The dresses were, as a general thing, very pretty, but in this respect, as in all others, Mrs. Wood excelled. She did indeed look beautiful. The old favorite, Walcot, was well received. He is somewhat rusty, but he is such a polished actor that we are not surprised at time showing its corrosive effects on him. Take it altogether, this new dress for Planche's old burlesque is not a bad thing in its way, but it might be better. It will, doubtless, draw well for a week or so.

Talking about the marriage of the dwarfs, calls to mind a conundrum. Why is the "bridess' in the late marriage like an old book? Because she has been well thumbed.

The latest revival at Wallack's is the late E. G. P. Wilkins's comedy entitled "Henriette." It was reproduced last week, and met with greater success, we should think, than that which attended it when first brought out in this city. It will be dovetailed in among the other standards, and be repeated as occasion may require. When first introduced to a New York audience, it was thought that a good deal of its success might be attributed to the fact that its author was the dramatic critic of the *Herald*. Since then, the author has died, and his comedy still stands the test as a work of more than ordinary merit. It used to be said of our plays that every dish that was served up for our theatrical appetites, had a foreign brand upon it, and there was some truth in it, too; we have plenty of the foreign brand, even at the present day; but as opportunity offers, and as encouragement is extended to native talent by our managers, it is found that it is not actually necessary to go to Europe for *all* our plays. Many causes have conspired to keep in the background the genius and talent of our countrymen; among these may be mentioned prejudiced foreign managers and foreign critics. Some years ago, when a Frenchman was running the Charleston Theatre, a native production, a well-written tragedy, was submitted to the manager for his perusal; but the fact that it was a native article damned it at once. The manager carelessly ran over a few pages, and then exclaimed—"De langauge was not veri goot, de play had no incidents, der aventures, de someting to catch de peeple. De author vish to write like Shakespeare." We do not think we err in stating that the majority of the critics of the present day are foreigners, many of whom still retain their national prejudices, and give little or no encouragement to our own writers. Many of these critics, it would appear, frequently conspire together to kill off the production of any writer not in their favor, notwithstanding the work may be one of the best ever written. The press is all powerful, for good or evil, and in the hands of bad men, can do a world of mischief. Once upon a time, a French dramatic author, who had been fifty years writing, but without success, hit upon a plan to see whether his condemnation might not be imputed to the prejudice of the critics, and so he gave it to be understood that the new tragedy of Agamemnon was the production of Pader De Assezon, a young man newly arrived in Paris. The piece was received with general applause, and Racine himself, the great scourge of Boyer, the real author, declared in favor of the new author. "And yet it is by Boyer, Mons. de Racine," exclaimed Boyer, himself, from the pit. Imprudent man, the next day the tragedy was hissed. The power of our foreign, prejudiced critics, is being curtailed every day, and a more fair and honest style of criticism is coming into play. This reformation has commenced since the CLIPPER entered the field as a theatrical journal. Its influence is not confined to one city, but is felt all over the country.

Why is a beautiful actress like a bar keeper? Because she is very often looked at through a glass. Any infringement of our copy-righted conundrums "will be punished with the utmost rigor of the law."

It is not true that Grace Church is to be converted into a Museum and Lecture Room. Neither is the report corroborated that "Brown," the Sexton, is to be stage manager at Barnum's Wednesday and Saturday afternoon class meetings at the down town house. When Brown falls from Grace, the readers of the CLIPPER may rest assured of having the earliest intelligence of the painful event.

This is the last week of the Bateman combination at Niblo's. As we anticipated, the new play of "Leah, the Forsaken," will run the engagement through. It has certainly achieved a wonderful success, the acting of Miss Bateman contributing in no small degree to the great favor with which it has been received by the New York public. In being forsaken by Miss Bateman, we gain another star of equal brilliancy in her peculiar line of business. We allude to Miss Caroline Richings, whose vocalization charmed so many thousands of hearers during her last engagement here. The new operatic spectacle of Satanella is to be brought out by Mr. Richings and his daughter on their opening night, Monday, 23d inst. It was recently produced at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, and attracted crowded audiences. It would have drawn for weeks, but the engagement of the Richingses terminated in the height of its popularity, other engagements precluding the possibility of extending their term for the present. "Satanella" will be brought out with new costumes, effects, etc., etc.

"Nix come Rouse." We have often been puzzled to know the meaning of this quotation, but had a practical explanation at Morrisania, N. Y., on the 10th, when at an entertainment given by Miss Adah Ogden at the Lyceum, B. Rouse did not appear, and things went wrong generally, and "nix come Rouse" disappointed the house. Somebody said "he was a B—— Rouse anyway, and if he ever shows in them diggins there will be a row, sure."

Mr. De Cordova gives humorous lectures at Washington Hall, Harlem, for the benefit of the poor, on the 13th, 17th, and 25th inst. Tickets, 50 cents, or three for one dollar. Remember the poor.

"Cinderella" is to be performed at the Academy of Music by two hundred children on the evening of the 19th.

Miss Lucille Western commences a four weeks engagement at the Winter Garden on March 23rd, when her version of "East Lynne" will be produced, and New Yorkers will have a treat. The lady alternates next week between Philadelphia and Baltimore.

At the New Bowery a splendid business has been done during the past week, and Mr. Eddy has replenished his exchequer considerably by his late engagement there. This (Monday) evening, Mr. G. C. Boniface appears as the idiot in "The Idiot of the Mountain," and as Yankee Jack in the drama of that name. The pantomime "Kim-ka" is also on. We hope Lent will not interrupt the present prosperity of the New Bowery. We regret to learn that Mr. Bonifaae has a brother lying very ill at Boston, and we hope soon to be able to announce his recovery.

We made an attempt to get in "444" Saturday night, but found every approachable avenue so packed with humans that we were compelled to beat a retreat. As early as ten o'clock some two thousand tickets were disposed of, and then people were struggling manfully but good-naturedly to get a glimpse of the inside of American Music Hall. We intend going early some night, and will then give an idea of what's to be seen there.

DRAMATIC.

Miss Emma Waller, the tragic actress, has, it appears, made herself quite popular with the critical audiences of Chicago, by whom her efforts to please have been highly appreciated. After her engagement at Louisville, which commenced on the 9th inst., ceases, she goes to Cleveland, O., making her first appearance there on the 23d.

The enterprising managers of the New Memphis Theatre already announce the commencement of their spring season, which is fixed for April 16, and are making mammoth preparations therefor, which they feel warranted in doing by their great and, to a degree, unexpected success during the season just closing. By referring to their advertisement in these columns, it will be seen that they are on the look-out for talent.

From Cairo, Ill., we have the gratifying intelligence that the people take the best method of defying dull care (oh), by patronizing amusements liberally. The Defiance is doing well, and Miss Sallie Bennett, who made her first appearance there during the first week in February, as Betsey Baker, met with unqualified approval. Frank and Cecilia Marden were to have put in an appearance on the 7th, but the train did not arrive in time. Messrs. Holland, Curran, Sharpe, and Miss McWilliams are among the leading personages in an efficient company.

A great many benefits are being advertised for sick and wounded soldiers, their wives and families, but in many cases it would be better to call things by their proper names, and instead of saying that such and such an entertainment will be given in aid of the soldiers, call it a benefit for the performers, under the auspices of disabled volunteers and their families; for the performers generally come in for the lion's share of the proceeds. On the 31st ult., a "benefit" was given by the German Opera Company, at the Academy, Philadelphia, in aid of the Citizens' Volunteer Hospital. The hospital committee worked like beavers, but the result was anything but a benefit for the hospital. Here are the figures, showing how much money was taken in on the occasion, how much the hospital got of it, and where the balance went:—

Receipts of the house	$824 60
PAYMENTS.	
Cash paid Carl Anschutz for the employment of the Opera Troupe	$500 00
Cash paid J. B. Budd, Treasurer, for the use of the Academy of Music	100 00
Cash paid for printing, advertising, &c	63 45
Cash paid for superintendents, employees of the house, &c., &c	16 41
Total	$679 87
Balance paid Treasurer of the Hospital	144 73

A beggarly account for the poor soldiers in contrast with the sum paid to the robust tenors, baritones, prima donnas, and other healthy artists; and very likely the whole caboodle got credit for "volunteering their valuable services." The labor performed by the hospital committee was worth twice as much as the sum paid into their hands for the benefit of the sick and wounded volunteers. It is time these soldier benefits were stopped unless the soldier is to receive the benefit. In some cases, we have no doubt, the "sick soldier" dodge is resorted to by parties who wish to raise the wind for themselves. Let a little caution be observed in future, and above all, let committees refuse to engage performers who make such exorbitant charges for a charitable benefit.

Cubas made her appearance at the Walnut, Philadelphia, on the 9th inst., in the French Spy, to a full house, the ladies being greatly in the minority. We looked in on the 10th, and were somewhat surprised to see so few ladies in the dress circle; it was almost entirely occupied by men, who seemed greatly pleased with the Cubas, and her charming exposition of dumb play, et cetera. The female portion of the audience went one eye on the voluptuous looking creature before them, and the other on the gentlemen at their sides, to see how *they* enjoyed the exhibition.

The complimentary to Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne, at the Metropolitan, San Francisco, occupied two evenings, and about $1,000 was realized. On the first evening, after Mrs. Hayne had been called before the curtain, and before she retired, Mr. J. B. Booth stepped toward the footlights, and read the following letter, remarking that Mrs. Hayne had remained in ignorance of the letter and accompanying token until this moment, as the brother of the writer had deemed it proper to await some public occasion for its presentation:—"BATTLE-FIELD OF ANTIETAM, Sept. 18, 1862.—Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne—Dear Madam:—I am making a painful effort to indite a few disjointed lines that shall convey some sense of the gratitude I owe you. I am a wounded and a dying soldier. Acting as color-bearer to General Hooker's division at the battle of the 17th, I fell, pierced by two balls. During last summer I was present at a benefit at the Union theatre, upon which occasion you played Madeline in the "Foundling of Paris." Some of the incidents of the play so nearly paralleled some of the events of my own life, that I was profoundly and most beneficially instructed. Please accept of the accompanying ring as a slight testimonial of honor, respect, and heartfelt gratitude, such as no other than one like myself could feel—one whom you have been instrumental in lifting from the brink of degradation and ruin, though you know it not. Accept, I entreat of you, of this simple tribute, with the dying blessings of my wife. That you and your worthy family may enjoy peace, plenty, and happiness through this life, is the fervent prayer of a reformed man and dying soldier." The reading was received with great applause. Mrs. Hayne, with others of the Metropolitan company, contemplated making a trip through the interior shortly.

A silver service was recently presented to Felix A. Vincent, at the Metropolitan Theatre, Indianapolis. The service includes a salver, coffee-pot, sugar-bowl, pitchers, goblets, spoons, etc. On the salver is the following inscription:—"Esteem for the man—appreciation of the artiste. Presented to Felix A. Vincent as a slight token of our esteem for his qualities as a citizen, and of our appreciation of his talents as an artist. Indianapolis, Feb. 6, 1863."

Miss Charlotte Thompson was the star at the Metropolitan, Indianapolis, last week, commencing her engagement on the 9th inst.

Sig. Bianchi opened the American Theatre, San Francisco, on the 16th ult., with an opera company.

"Fanchon, the Cricket," was produced by Manager Weaver, at Bechel's Hall, Dayton, Ohio, last week. Little Alice Hogan was the attraction the previous week; she is said to hail from Cincinnati, Ohio.

J. C. McDonough's "Seven Sisters" has proven quite attractive to the Cincinnatians, having been successfully run for three weeks at Wood's Theatre. Mr. McDonough intends carrying through a grand campaign with the same in the west, and next appears at Henderson's, Pittsburgh, for three weeks, then at Louisville, and at Wood's New Theatre, Indianapolis, Ind., on April 6th, and so on to Cleveland and Chicago. The scenery is said to be splendid, and the last scene has been re-painted. See advertisement.

Mrs. Ella C. Tannehill arrived at Memphis from New York in safety, and on the 6th was the recipient of a benefit at the New Memphis Theatre. Mr. Maginley appeared as Adam Trueman, and Mr. Tannehill as Zeke, and both acquitted themselves admirably. The affair was a benefit indeed, in every sense of the term, the performances being good, and the attendance large and fashionable. The fair beneficiarie was presented, in the course of the evening, with an exquisitely-finished tortoise-shell bracelet, inlaid with gold. A young lady of Memphis, name not given, made her first appearance as a cantatrice on the occasion.

At Washington, D. C. whatever disasters may have occurred in military, political, or diplomatic circles, they have in no wise effected the popularity of the show people. Our correspondent "Peep" talks cheerfully on the present theatrical status there, in a communication dated Feb. 14, as follows:—A week of fine weather has added much to the coffers of theatrical managers and concert saloon keepers, and aided thousands in the enjoyment of amusements who otherwise would have been pent up in their homes. To see a place of amusement crowded is no novelty, for wherever an attraction is offered, patrons are abundant. Mr. and Mrs. Barney continue to be the "bright particulars" at Grover's, filling the house nightly to repletion. These popular stars are sure to draw crowds wherever they appear. During the week, the beautiful dramas of "All Hallow Eve," "Shandy Maguire, the Irish Ambassador," and the charming play of "An Hour in Seville," have been performed. On the occasion of Mr. Williams' benefit on Friday, the 13th, long before the curtain raised "only standing room" was announced, and at least two hundred people left, unable to get in. So great has been their success, that the engagement intended to have been concluded this evening, has been extended two weeks longer. I understand they commence an engagement at Ford's, in Baltimore, March 2d, and from thence to New-York. Maggie Mitchell concludes the second week of "Fanchon" to-night, and on Monday, produces her new play of "Herman." Her engagement has been the most successful she has ever played in this city.

"East Lynne," with Miss Lucille Western as the heroine, was performed at Music Hall, Springfield, Mass., two nights last week, and was referred to as "one of the best theatrical performances given there this winter."

E. T. Sherlock, whose theatrical capabilities "nobody can deny," has, we are pleased to learn, had his military abilities appreciated, and, what is better, rewarded, by promotion to Lieutenant Colonel of his regiment (the 5th Michigan), for meritorious conduct at the battle of Fredericksburg. The 5th Michigan will never be at a dead lock with such a brave lock at its head and front.

At the Norfolk Opera House, Va., the company are all in fine spirits and working like beavers to please all, by a variety of performances. On the 28th ult., the "Romance of a Poor Young Man" was produced, H. W. Gossin as Manuel, and Miss Mary Mitchell as Marguerite. On the 10th inst., Mrs. Frank Drew made her first appearance as Rosette, in the comedietta of the "Swiss Swains." Sam Glenn also talked Dutch to the Virginians on the same occasion in the Dutchman's Ghost. The "Stranger" was the opening piece on the 10th. On the 11th was presented "The Hunchback" and "Eton Boy," and "Money" and "My Wife's Second Floor" were to be given on the 12th. The houses are excellent, and right well do the actor folks deserve success. "Self" was in active preparation.

The Baltimore Museum, under the management of Mr. Sam Ryan, according to "Subscriber," has been doing a splendid business during the past week. Miss Kate Denin played with decided success in her own dramatization of "East Lynne." She has been re-engaged for a few days more. *Apropos* of "East Lynne," this correspondent says that the agent of Miss Lucille Western was here last week for the purpose of having an injunction issued to prevent Miss Denin from proceeding further in her play. However, Mr. Meade has returned to New York, it having been fully proven that no encroachment on Miss Western's copyright had been made.

At the Holliday, Baltimore, J. S. Clarke will appear during this his last week in the new comedy of "Bosom Friends." Matilda Heron succeeds him next week.

In reference to a statement which recently appeared in an unreliable Sunday paper of this city, stating that at the Front street Theatre, Baltimore, the performances on the 31st ult. were mutilated, etc., a "Subscriber" takes exception, and says that the programme was fulfilled *without the curtailment of a single line*. Space permitting, we shall give this correspondent an opportunity to speak out in our next. Adah Isaacs Menken opens at the Front street Theatre this (Monday) evening.

The Second Shakesperian Entertainment for the benefit of the Soldiers' Aid Society, will be given in Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., Feb. 17th.

John Owens makes a stay of one week more at the Howard, Boston, and is followed by Miss Maggie Mitchell.

Wilkes Booth took a benefit at the Boston Museum on the 14th. "The Merchant of Venice" and "Catharine and Petruchio" comprised the programme.

The Florences have been doing well at the St. Louis Theatre. Last week they brought out the "Colleen Bawn." Isn't it time that Billy and his fair partner were presented with a service of plate, or something of that sort? Or is the precious metal too high-priced just now? Miss Charlotte Thompson succeeds the Florences, we believe.

The Pittsburgh Theatre has hard work to recover itself, after the depressing effects caused by repeated disappointments. Mr. Chanfrau's engagement did not mend matters in the least, but business has improved since Miss Matilda Heron took possession of the boards. Perhaps Manager Henderson confides too much in those he has employed in front. It is a pity that a season commenced under such favorable auspices should be permitted to flag. Let the manager look to his own interest a little more, or he may have other disappointments to bear ere the season terminates.

There has been considerable competition in Cincinnati as to which theatre should be earliest in the field with "Les Miserables," but Wood's Theatre took the lead, and produced it on the 9th inst., while Pike's Opera House was not ready with its version until the 12th. At Wood's, G. D. Chaplin's dramatization is the card, with Miss Alice Placide as Fantine and Cosette. Judge Carter's adaptation is the feature at Pike's. We do not anticipate a long run for either of them. Like the book, most of the dramatizations are tedious. Chaplin's, probably, is as good as any of them.

The great parlor-skater, W. H. Fuller, having closed his engagement at the National, Cincinnati, commenced at the Louisville Theatre on the 9th. His performances are said to surpass those of all other skaters.

They were playing the "Romance of a Poor Young Man," at the Eureka Theatre, San Francisco, with the following cast:—Marguerite, Julia Dean Hayne; Madame Aubrey, Mrs. W. H. Leighton; M'lle Helouine, Miss Mowbray; Louise Vanberger, Mrs. Locke; Mme. Laroque, Mrs. Burrill; Manuel, Frank Mayo; Mons. De Bevanes, Mr. Thorne, Jr.; Dr. Desmeret, Mr. Anderson; Gasper Laroque, Mr. Phelps; Alain, Mr. Stephenson.

Mr. Edwards closed his season at Madison, Wis., on the 3d inst., with a benefit to Mrs. Edwards, who appeared as Capitola, in the "Hidden Hand." The company were to open at the Academy at Milwaukee this week.

Cubas made a big strike at the Walnut, Philadelphia, last week, drawing very large houses through the week. She could have continued to draw largely, but other stars being on the docket of the Walnut, she was obliged to haul off. She was presented with a gold watch on the 14th, the last night of her engagement. She will "lay off" this week, and re-commence operations on the 23d, at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago. She's a splendid looking creature in tights. Cubas will visit Philadelphia again as soon as engagements will permit. We saw Mr. Augustus Pennoyer, agent for Mr. and Miss Richings, among the audience at the Walnut on the 14th.

Being in Philadelphia last week, we visited the new theatre on Chestnut street, on the 14th. It was Hackett's night. The parquet was a little more than half full; the dress circle about two-thirds full, and the family circle about the same. We were certainly surprised to find such a small attendance at a new theatre, and with a prominent star performing one of his best characters. The theatre appears to be somewhat "cramped;" the parquet is pretty comfortable, and there is just about sufficient rise to give all in that portion of the house a good view of the stage. The dress circle is faulty; in front, a fair view may be had of what is going on, but at the sides, the stage cannot be seen to advantage without the spectator leans forward, or stands up; there is too little space between the dress circle and the ceiling of the family circle, which gives the former a somewhat gloomy appearance. There is a tremendous pitch to the family circle, the seats rising one above the other "almost to the clouds." With such a model as Wallack's, in New York, it is a pity this new house was not constructed in a better manner, so that the performances could be witnessed in comfort, from every part of the house. There is not sufficient width to the place. We like the parquet much better than the box circles. Among those present on Saturday evening, was Tom Thumb, who was seated in the parquet—in company with one of his attendants—apparently deeply interested in the mysteries and intricacies of love-making, as delineated by Sir John Falstaff in his stolen interviews with Mistress Page and Mistress Ford. Thomas seems to have "shook" his little wife already, for she was not present with him at the theatre. Tom Thumb has grown considerably since Barnum first brought him out; he is quite stout, taller than he was, and a giant in comparison with Com. Foote, a diminutive specimen of manhood, now in New York. Mr. Forest played Othello during his nights, to good but not crowded houses. It will require the Gladiator, Jack Cade, or Metamora, to give a crowding start to this new house. This week, Mr. F. appears in the Broker of Bogota.

Miss Jane Coombs closed her first week at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on the 14th. Business through the week was bad, and it is not likely that it will improve much this week. John Wilkes Booth will succeed her, opening in "Richard III," on Monday next, 23d inst. We shall not be surprised if young Booth "hits 'em hard" in Philadelphia.

Miss Kate Denin terminated her connection with the Baltimore Museum on the 14th, where she has been playing Isabel and Madame Vine in "East Lynne." Kate is at the Walnut, Philadelphia, this week.

In reference to the doings at the Pittsburgh Theatre, our correspondent "Bill Board" says:—Mr. Chanfrau closed a two weeks' engagement on the 7th, with the "Octoroon," and "A Glance at New-York," appearing as Pete and Mose. His rendition of Pete is immense, and his Mose is too well known to require comment. Mr. Mordaunt's McCloskey was liked better by a great many than Carden's, who played here last season. Mordaunt is now leading man for Henderson.....Miss Matilda Heron began an engagement of six nights on the 9th. "Medea" was her opening piece. Her rendition of the wronged Princess has lost none of its power; on the contrary, it is more masterly than ever. During her engagement she produced her new play of "Edith".....On the 16th, Mr. Mordaunt appeals to the theatre going public in the shape of a benefit.....On the 17th, we are to have the "Seven Sisters," with all the original effects. McDonough is at the head of it. Lotty Hough makes her first appearance here on that night, in her original part of the Yankee Gall."

The beautiful Miss Adah Isaacs Menken commences another engagement at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, this week. She is a sure card, and never fails to draw now-a-days.

The luscious—we believe that is the proper word—Cubas, closed her brief engagement at the Walnut, Philadelphia, on the 14th. She attracted splendid houses throughout the week, and "them eyes" fairly electrified the "fiery drabs" of the "City of Brotherly Love." Shirley H. France also met with much favor; his performances added greatly to the success of the pieces produced. His combat with Cubas was deservedly applauded. France's mediation with the sword was well-timed, and favorably acted upon.

J. S. Clarke closed a good engagement at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, on the afternoon of the 14th, taking his leave in Our American Cousin and Toodles. Miss Matilda Heron, we believe, is the star this week.

Mr. Eddy and Miss Kate Denin have "formed a conjunction," as it is called, and commence business together this evening, 16th, at the Walnut, Philadelphia, opening in Richard, Miss Denin playing Queen Elizabeth to Eddy's King Dick.

The German Opera Company were so well patronised during their recent stay in Philadelphia, that they have concluded to try it again, and have secured the Academy of Music in that city for the month of March, giving their opening performances on Monday, March 2d. They promise several operas not given by them before in that city.

Ellsler's company give much satisfaction in Columbus, Ohio. In referring to their performances, our correspondent "Roscius" says:—"It is gratifying to us Clevelanders to hear the favorable accounts that come up from Manager Ellsler's company at Columbus. We claim them as exclusively ours, and as only lent to the capital city for a few weeks, that they may know what a really good thing is, and perhaps stir them up to greater exertions in the future. But the good reports do not surprise us, who know them, in the least. It could not be otherwise, for the company is first class, throughout; and allow a disinterested person to say that the leading man, Mr. J. G. McCollum, is considered here (in Cleveland) one of the very best in his line that has ever filled that position on our boards—always correct, a perfect dresser, and blessed with all the natural endowments of a good actor—voice, figure, and general appearance—he won for himself a proud name here, in Cleveland, and I doubt not is as great a favorite in Columbus. The comedians, Lewis and Jeffreys, are also great favorites there, as they are sure to be anywhere and everywhere. Colin Stewart, the juvenile, and Carroll, the walking-gentleman, are spken of very highly for their fine acting any In fact, the company, I venture to say, cannot be surpassed in any provincial theatre in the West, and the people of Columbus are only doing their duty when they fill the theatre every night with appreciative audiences, and Manager Ellsler's pocket with the green-backs. We shall all welcome their return here with open arms, for we hardly appreciated them till they left us."

Miss Julia Daley, after closing at the Louisville Theatre, on the 6th, left for Chicago, where she appears nightly at McVicker's Theatre.

"The celebrated comedian," Herman Washtell, was the "attraction" last week at the Apollo Gardens, Boston. The comedian was to appear in a new extravaganza called "Stop that Noise, or a Row in the Boston Academy of Music."

The dramatic company at the Metropolitan, San Francisco, had vacated for a short season in favor of an equestrian troupe, but the dramatic season was to be resumed on the 23d ult., with a complimentary benefit to J. B. Booth. The "Syren of Paris" was in preparation.

The New Orleans Varieties company deserve success, if they do not meet with it. They have given a little of everything since they commenced. "Pocahontas" was on at last accounts, with Mrs. Alexina Fisher Baker as Poka, Lewis Baker as Powhatan, and Vining Bowers as Capt. John Smith.

Miss Emily E. Thorne has been so very successful the last week at Worcester, that she remains there another week, then proceeds to Springfield, Hartford, New Haven, Providence, &c.

Mr. Edwards closed his season at Madison, Wis., on the 3d inst., with a benefit to Mrs. Edwards, who appeared as Capitola, in the Hidden Hand. The company were to open the Academy at Milwaukee this week.

Wyzeman Marshall, manager of the Howard, Boston, has leased the Boston Theatre, and commences there, with novelty and attractions, in March.

For Continuation of Theatrical Record, See pages 359 and 359.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1863.

TO SUBSCRIBERS, ADVERTISERS, AND OTHERS.

It may have escaped the observation of some, that three weeks since, on account of the extraordinary high price of paper we announced that hereafter the CLIPPER would be, for the time being, sold at Six Cents per copy, instead of four, as heretofore, but that our advertising rates would *remain the same*. For reference, and to facilitate business, we therefore append a schedule of rates:—

Single copy of the Clipper.6cts	Subscription for 6 months.$1 50
To Wholesale Dealers....4cts	Subscription for 4 months. 1 00
To Retail Agents,.....4½cts	Club of Four 10 50
Subscription, per annum.$3 00	Club of Eight.....20 00

In all cases in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS, 12 cents per line for each and every insertion; a liberal deduction, will, however, be made for advertisements when paid for three or six months in advance. Day of publication, Tuesday of each week.

Communications to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday if possible.

$500!! $500!!

CHANCE FOR STORY TELLERS

$500 FOR THE BEST STORIES.

To be Adapted Expressly for the Readers of the NEW YORK CLIPPER.

In the absence of any greater inducements to bring out the talents of story writers, we hereby offer the sum of FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS for the three best stories which may be handed in to us by the 15th of March, 1863. Two hundred and fifty dollars will be given for the best story, one hundred and fifty dollars for the next in order of merit, and one hundred dollars for the third best. They must be written expressly for our columns, and to suit the tastes of the readers of the CLIPPER. We don't want any war stories. The stories must "open rich" at once, with the interest commencing at the start, and continuing to the end. The plot must be well laid, altogether original, with plenty of exciting and thrilling incidents—in a word, they must be fast stories, for a fast people. Each story must run thirteen weeks, to occupy the first page of the CLIPPER each week. We don't want any of those stereotyped, namby pamby stories which are manufactured now-a-days by steam, and sold by the cord, or ton. We want something fresh and exciting. The cash will be paid to the successful competitors as soon as the decision is rendered, which will be in time to commence the first prize story in the first number of the Eleventh Volume of the CLIPPER, commencing April 18, 1863.

The award will be made fair and square, without the least partiality or favoritism, and in accordance with the principles which guided us in awarding our first series of prizes in the year 1859, two of which were taken by parties of whom we had never even heard before, and whose names we did not see until a decision had been made. The editor of the CLIPPER will himself decide the question of superiority, and hand the money over to the successful authors. Stories not successful in taking a prize, will be at once returned to their owners, or purchased at a fair valuation, as may be mutually agreed upon. This is a BONA FIDE offer, and the money will be given if but three competitors enter. If but one should enter, that one will get the first prize, be his story good or bad. All communications must be addressed to

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor of the NEW YORK CLIPPER,
29 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK, Jan. 5, 1863.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIP.

Foreign advices to date of Jan. 25th, throw no further light on the Championship as regards the identity of the Unknown, and our contemporaries on t'other side, do not know, evidently, "who's who." Young Caunt's *defi*, however, has brought out several prominent pugs, who talk to him like a Dutch Uncle. We quote the remarks of the sporting papers, so far as they are of interest here:—

"Nothing has been settled this week respecting the whereabouts of the second deposit being staked, and it will not be until Saturday, Jan. 31, that we shall have it in our power to inform our readers of the locality named by the Unknown. Young Caunt, from the announcement of his intention to fight the winner of the forthcoming match for the Championship between Jem Mace and the Unknown, has attracted the attention of the middle and heavy-weights, and has received the following challenges:—

JACK ROOKE, of Birmingham, will make a match with Young Caunt, at catch-weight, for £100 or £200 a side, before the Championship takes place, so that Caunt may have a public trial before matching with the winner.

JOB COBLEY having seen that Young Caunt wishes to fight the winner of the pending Championship, says that Caunt need not fly at such high game, as he can be accommodated by him at catch-weight, for his own sum.

BILL RYALL seeing that Ben Caunt wishes to fight the winner between Mace and the Unknown, will fight him for £100 a side, in three or four months. If this does not suit Caunt, Ryall will fight any man in England for the like sum."—*Sporting Life, Jan.* 24.

"MACE AND AN UNKNOWN.—It will be the business of the backers of the Unknown to name the time and place for the next deposit for this important affair at our office on Friday, Jan. 30. Whether the mystery that surrounds the Unknown will then be cleared up, remains to be proved. The excitement as to the coming man is most intense in all sporting circles.

JOB COBLEY TO YOUNG CAUNT.—The Enthusiastic Potboy having understood that Young Ben Caunt intends challenging the winner of the fight for the Championship, offers him a word of advice. Job says Young Ben must remember he is an untried one, and had better take some instruction from an old one before undertaking so dangerous a business. Job will give him his first lesson, for £100 a side, if he likes, in two, three, or four months. Job has staked £10 in our hands to show he means business.—*Bell's Life, Jan.* 25.

NOW AND THEN.—Elsewhere in this issue, we publish an interesting account of the pastimes in vogue in London as far back as 1174. In some respects they were not commendable, but the contrast between now and then is not all in favor of the present time. We Americans in particular, do not encourage as we ought, out of door sports, such as incite to emulation, hilarity, and chivalry, to say nothing of their effects as regards robustness and health; and in this unfortunate war we are reaping some of the bitter fruits of this neglect. It is a truth that cannot be too forcibly insisted upon, that the battle of life, a battle of life and death, or any other sort of contest, cannot be fought by mere brains; if it could, the rebellion would have been put down, as they would have succeeded long ere this, by the aid of writers, talkers, and diplomats. No, no, action is the word in a fight, and the party exhibiting most vigor, (here's where brains come in) aided by most brains, will readily conquer. Dollars and cents, theories and inventions, are all good in their places, but good health and a good flow of spirits are better than them all. Too great intellectual precocity will surely wreck the most promising youth. A structure without a foundation will come to nought. A good physical base, an elegant and practical mental superstructure, well cemented together with morality, will make a man that will overcome all difficulties, and one such man in our midst to-day, like Washington at our nation's birth, would save our Union in spite of all the Jeff Davises, and his co-conspirators, and that, too, in the shortest possible period. Our present failing is—too much brains, too little individual physical force. If it is too late to wholly repair damages, so far as the present generation is concerned, let us go to work to ameliorate them, if only partially, so that the future shall not suffer in a like, or worse ratio. Give manly, exhilarating sports their proper recognition, and then mark the change. Let us learn a lesson from our ancestors—avoid their excesses, but appropriate their virtues; and the encouragement of invigorating pastimes was one of them.

"HOMEWARD BOUND!"

A TRIP FROM LIVERPOOL TO NEW YORK ON BOARD THE GREAT EASTERN.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY OUR CABIN BOY.

AT A LOSS WHAT TO DO—MONOMANIA—BROADWAY ON BOARD SHIP—PSALM SINGING AND PREACHING—CALL TO DINNER—"CASTE" STICKING OUT BETWEEN RICH AND POOR—MORE GROWLING—AFTERNOON SERVICE A LA MODE—QUIZZING THE PASSENGERS—EDWIN BOOTH, TRAGEDIAN—DILLY FAY, CLOWN—JOE CUSHING, ABE SMITH, AND COL. QUICK, CIRCUS MEN—WELLS, THE PHRENOLOGIST—GOVERNOR RANDALL—BISHOP LYNCH—HOW WE SPENT SUNDAY EVENING.

After getting on deck, one half of us didn't know what to do with ourselves. We'd walk up and down, from stem to stern, until completely tired out (a person can soon get used up at that game), and then loll and lean around the ship's sides and lay off wherever there was room enough for the place we sit down upon—you know what I mean. "Surely the Great Ship company can afford seats for its patrons!" Perhaps it can, but I know this much—there wasn't seats enough for over thirty out of the fourteen hundred, and those belonged to the steerage folks! I used to get on top of the paddle boxes and stretch my graceful (?) limbs out, whiling away the time by reading Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, Autobiography of Baron Nicholson, of Judge and Jury notoriety, Artemus Ward's Book, and other religious works, while puffing away on some of the finest Havanas. All that was nice enough to be sure, although kinder dangerous. Many's the time I've felt the inclination creeping over me to jump headlong into the sea, and had to get down mighty quick when the spell was coming on, or perhaps Misther McGinn, the Twenty-second Ward undertaker, would be cheated of a job. Were you never troubled with this peculiar sensation? I remember a similar feeling coming over me on a visit to Niagara Falls, the time Heenan and Morrissey fought. A party of us started from Izzy Lazarus's house, in Buffalo, to visit the Falls, and the fascination to see and understand more of this wonderful natural phenomenon, led me so close to the water's edge, that had it not been for Dick Casey (poor fellow! he's dead now,) I believe your Cabin Boy would have been a "goner." Such "a damnable taking off" might give a fellow notoriety when he was beyond its beneficial influence, but that sort of newspaper literature wouldn't suit my wife and family at all.

As before observed, the paddle-boxes were my headquarters in the day-time. Here I fancied myself laying off at the Prescott House, watching the minstrels, sporting men, actors, the stylish ladies out shopping, and the pretty ballet girl or concert-room singer, as they tripped daintily along, scarcely touching the sidewalk at all, so aerial were their footsteps. That was when half a dozen first class music halls occupied the thoroughfare now disgraced by a thousand times worse dens, where private rooms are fitted up for debauchery and to fleece soldiers. There was not so much difference between being on Broadway and aboard the Great Eastern after all. Just take fourteen hundred passengers and three hundred and fifty in the crew—it is nothing more or less than a floating city. As on shore, there were some of all sorts, from the drawling fop to the dirty wandering Jew, a rare specimen of which accompanied us. For a couple of hours I watched the different characters promenading until a sound of "melody" greeted my ears, proceeding from a little party singing divine songs. Anything for variety on the sea, you know, so I "jined in" with the rest like a good boy. The man leading the choir was a big, sandy-whiskered, brass-spectacled, partially-bald, good-natured sort of fellow, with a shad-belly coat, double-breasted pants, short at both ends, tremendous shirt-collar, (that was before muslin "riz,") black shirt-studs, plenty of shoe-leather, and a pocket-handkerchief that looked very much like Tom Spring's fighting colors. It was good fun to observe the different-shaped mouths, and listen to the various-toned notes that came out of them—to me it seemed as though everybody was going it on his or her own hook. After the "harmony," our friend, Sandy, (not Gosman by a darned sight!) "spoke a piece," as good as the average of this kind on board ship. He held forth on that part of the Great Eastern consecrated to "ye gentlemen and ye ladyes of ye steerage." After the homily came more noise, and so on, first on, and then the other, until our bell rang for dinner. There *was* music in that, if you like.

I don't pretend to know much about the customs observed on ocean steamers as regards meals, but will simply give the way things were managed with us at feeding time. At eight the first cabin roosters were called to break their fast by a Dutchman with a bugle, who took up three different positions, and at each one blew his horn to something like the tune played at the English barracks, the words of which are,

"All ye that are able, come up to your stable,
And water your horses and give them some corn."

You see they were very careful not to let the highcality folks have cause to complain. In our department, the second cabin ladies and gentlemen, a small man with a big bell used to ring like a Town Crier, but only once, and that generally after one-half the folks had got through. We fed about half an hour after the big-bugs. As for those in the Intermediate and Steerage, the devil knows how *they* fared: neither the clarion-toned bugle nor ear-splitting gong called *them* to tea; if they were not there right on the minute, with their tin plates and cans, they had a rough time getting anything—so little Emerson informed me, he being in the steerage, and capable of knowing. Why, bless your souls, Mrs. Fogarty's hash was, comparatively speaking, as fried frogs is to fish balls, with them.

Considerable growling took place at the first Sunday dinner. This was not owing so much to the fare as lack of attendance. Out of seventy waiters we only had four, the others doing duty at the first table. Through the great haste in leaving port, everything was topsy turvy; nobody knew who belonged to the crew or who had paid their passage, and not until the tickets were examined did the "stow-aways" meet their deserts. Here was the difficulty, for the only four waiters we had, "shanghaid" themselves on board, and knew no more about waiting at table than a bear; while many were foolish enough to give them a fee for attendance, those who didn't had to suffer. Luckily, I got in with a pretty good party, who formed themselves into a mutual protection society, dividing the contents pretty fairly after those "dear" creatures, the ladies, wants had been attended to. With our dinner we all had a bottle of porter or ale, paid for extra, of course. It's a great custom in England for both rich and poor to have their ale at dinner, and Americans soon get into the same habit over there. Like the rest, I had my private bottle, although it was seldom touched till dessert—bread and cheese—was brought on; then it went down very slick, and with a relish. I forget what we had for dinner; anyhow, it didn't make much difference as long as we had our fill.

Dinner over, after chatting awhile, we proceeded up stairs to join the others in afternoon service. Captain Paton had ordered all the benches and chairs to be brought from below and ranged in rows around the capstan (that's what they call it, I believe), which was covered with an American flag, and served as a pulpit for the chaplain. Hymn-books were distributed, the passengers and crew were called together, and reverently uncovered their heads, and soon after two o'clock P. M. the services commenced with prayer by our second cabin Presbyterian minister, followed by singing, reading the Litany, and the regular Episcopalian church service, then more singing, and afterwards a sermon by the regular parson, a tall, grey-haired, long-featured, raw-boned Briton, who delivered a very appropriate lecture. Among the congregation I noticed the Captain's wife, a very pretty and amiable creature.

In the interim between the the first cabin dinner, at 3, P. M., and our supper at 7, P. M., there was plenty of time to see who we had for company, as they came up one by one to show off their shape or fine clothes. The first distinguished gentleman I spied from my retreat on the paddle boxes after divine service, was Edwin Booth, the young tragedian, attired in a fashionably-made though rough costume, a red shirt, and fur cap, his long, jet-black hair thrown carelessly behind his ears, pacing the deck all alone like a sentry, his eyebrows apparently keeping time with his footsteps, and in a continual state of motion. Edwin's face was a study for any man; and, notwithstanding his delicate physique, the expression of his piercing black eyes were enough to make a giant feel loth about attacking such a man. Our young tragedian has the most beautiful black eye I ever saw in a man's head; you may have seen him fifty times on the stage, but not to half the advantage as when communing with himself. Mr. Booth was accompanied by his wife, child, and servant. There were some fifty noted men, altogether, a few of which I can only call to mind just now. Dilly Fay, once famous as a clown, now a very clever painter, who exhibited several pictures in the International; Dilly travels very often between the United States and the Papal States; his studio in Rome is what the art critics call a perfect "chef d'œuvre." He was unwell the whole journey, and travelling for his health. Mr. Fay is about Tony Pastor's height, only nothing like as heavy, with very light complexion, moustache and goatee, and a large, melting blue eye. Joe Cushing, Abeline Smith, and Col. Quick (not my friend Tom, of the *Leader*,) all circus men. Joe is tall and rustic-looking; Abeline, shrewd and calculating; and the Colonel, easy-going, good-natured, and indifferent to almost everything and everybody. Cushing, who started as a "help" with a circus, is now worth his thousands, but is just the same old "twopenny." The names of Howes and Cushing are familiar the world over, in connection with circus biz. Mr. Wells, of Fowler and Wells, the Phrenologists, thin and ladylike, resembling, in some respects, Cyrus W. Field, the Atlantic Cable projector. Judge Allen, of New York, heavy, dark, and contemplative. Ex-Governor Randall, of Wisconsin, with a head like an eagle and Patrick Henry's eloquence, a gloriously true Union man and patriot. Bishop Lynch, of Toronto, with his long-tail coat of black and clerical outfit, and many others. These belonged to the first cabin, and will be introduced severally in their different characters in proper season.

At seven we had supper; in our cabin, the rest of the evening was spent in singing "John Brown" and other sacred songs, led off by the inventor of the cow-milker, in a peculiarly nasal tone. It would have done Horace Greeley more good than all the medicine in the world, to have been there and put in his clarion notes. No matter, Horace, we often thought of you and your philosophical white coat and chapeau. I have since learned our fellow-craftsman has discarded many of his peculiarities, and has even been known to wear a garrote collar and square-toed boots. Mind you, I wouldn't take an affidavit—it's only what "they say."

The lights being so miserable, and the singing so dismal, we were too glad when the proper time came, to turn in to roost.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOVICE, Bridgeport, Ct.—You are right; *i. e.*, you are wrong; *i. e.*, you are right wrong; that is to say, the discovery that you were wrong about Mr. Schlesinger's last and best problem, is right. You also indicate the correct defence to Mr. Keyes' attack. We think with you that he will yet have a very different view of that position.

E. H. C., Washington, D. C.—Your very elegantly written solution of No. 363 is correct—but no one can fairly claim to have solved that problem *after* having seen Herr Kling's *critique* upon it, giving (inconsiderately and prematurely, we think) the novel and difficult key move. As to the supposed 2d solution, you must really satisfy yourself, or find a defence; we have neither patience nor leisure to re-analyze a foreign problem that has already been through such a sifting.

THE MATCH between Herr Steinitz and Mr. Blackburne has ended with the following surprising record:—Drawn, 1; Mr. B. 1; Herr S. 7. Herr Loewenthal thus speaks of the affair:—"Herr Steinitz thus again sustained the reputation which he made for himself on his arrival in this country. We must not omit, however, to state, though in no disparagement to Herr Steinitz's powers, that Mr. Blackburne did not exhibit the play that might reasonably have been expected of him. Indeed, his conduct of the games was so singularly weak that his antagonist was enabled to win almost without an effort. The games, however, present some features of interest."

THE MATCH between Mr. Mackenzie and the Rev. G. A. McDonnell has also terminated, the record being:—Drawn, 2; Rev. Mr. McD., 3; Mr. M., 6. "Mr. Mackenzie has reason to congratulate himself upon his success, his opponent having for some years been regarded as one of the best English players. It should be stated, however, that in a former contest with the same antagonist, Mr. McDonnell gained a considerable majority of games. We hear that another contest is likely to take place between these gentlemen at an early date."—*Era.*

THE LONDON CHESS CLUB, at its recent annual meeting, unanimously adopted the revised Code of Laws proposed by the committee of the British Chess Association.

ENIGMA No. 368.

From "Der Schachkunstler."

BY A. LICHTENSTEIN.

at Q Kt sq, her R 6, Q Kt 4, K R 4, Q Kt 5, K 3, K B 3d.

at K B 4, Q Kt 2, Q Kt sq, K B 8, Q sq, K sq, K Kt 3, K R 4th.

White to play and give mate in six moves.

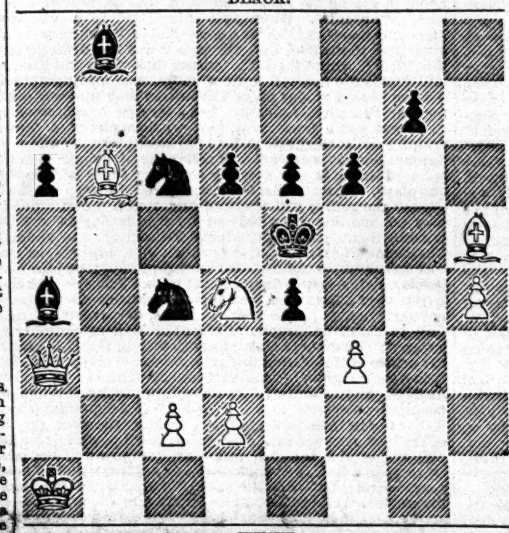
PROBLEM No. 368.

WORLD'S CONGRESS FIRST PRIZE PROBLEMS.

"NYMPH IN THY ORISONS."

BY DR. CONRAD BAYER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

GAME No. 368.

Contested some months since at the Brooklyn Chess Club, between the President, Frederick Perrin, Esq., and our contributors P. Richardson and D. Eugene Delmar, consulting together.

SCOTCH GAMBIT.

Attack, Perrin.	Defence, Allies.	Attack, Perrin.	Defence, Allies.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	30..K R to K sq	R P × P
2..K Kt–B 3	Q Kt–B 3	31..K × Kt 2d P	P–K Kt 5
3..P–Q 4	K P × P	32..P–K R 4	Q R–K 2
4..K B–B 4	K B–B 4	33..Q R–Q 4	Q R–K 4
5..Castles	P–Q 3	34..Q B–Kt 5	K–his B 2
6..P–Q B 3	Q B–Kt 5	35..Q B × Kt	K × Q B
7..Q–her Kt 3	Q Kt–R 4	36..Q R–B 5	Q R–K 2
8..K B × P +	K–his B sq	37..K–his B 4	P–K Kt 6
9..Q–her R 4	Q B × Kt	38..R–K Kt sq	B–K Kt 7
10..K B × Kt	K R × B	39..Q R–B 2	Q R–R 2
11..Kt P × B	Q Kt–B 3	40..Q R × Kt P	Q R × P +
12..P–K B 4	Q–K R 5	41..Q R–Kt 4	Q R × R +
13..Q–home	Q R–K sq	42..K R × R	K R × R +
14..Q–K B 3	Q R–K 3	43..K × K R	P–Q B 4
15..K–his R sq	R–K B 3	44..K–his B 4	P–Q B 5
16..Q–K Kt 3	Q × Q	45..P–Q Kt 5	P–Q B 6
17..B 1st P × Q	Q 2d P × P	46..K–his 3	P–Q B 7
18..Q Kt × P	Q Kt–Q 5	47..K–Q 2	P Queens +
19..P–K B 5	R–K B 3	48..K × 2d Q	P–Q 4
20..Q B–Kt 5	R–K B 2	49..K P × P	K × B P
21..Q R–Q sq	Q Kt–B 3	50..K–Q B 2	K his 4
22..B–K B 4	P–K Kt 4	51..K–Q Kt 3	K × Q P
23..Q B–home	Q Kt–K 4	52..K–Q Kt 4	K–Q 5
24..P–Q R 3	P–K R 4	53..P–Q R 4	K–Q 4
25..P–Q Kt 4	K B–Kt 3	54..P–Q R 5	P × P +
26..Q Kt–Q 5	P–K R 5	55..K × R P	K–Q B 4
27..K–his Kt 2	Kt–K Kt 5	56..P–Q Kt 6	K–Q B 3
28..P–K R 3	Kt–K B 3	57..K–R 4, and Mr. Perrin draws the *partie*.	
29..Kt × K B	R P × Kt		

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALVIN H. BUSH, Ward Hospital.—Money received. Have not a copy of the book; but will procure and forward it to the address mentioned in your order. with pleasure.

JOHN H. STEERS, Wayne, Mich.—We have no CLIPPER containing the by-laws of chess. Will examine the position.

W. S. KNIGHT, New York.—Your position is now correct—and shall appear.

J. A. DE CON, Brooklyn, N. Y.—After a careful examination of your blindfold games, we consider them not up to the mark, and for this reason, your opponents play execrably! As a matter of curiosity they might pass, but too many blunders are "a dead beat." Can't you send us something "with your eyes open," against stronger antagonists?

GAME No. 45—Vol. X.

"DYKE."

Lately contested between "Acceptance" and a "Friend."

Black, Acceptance.	White, Friend.	Black, Acceptance.	White, Friend.
1..11 to 15	22 to 17	17..19 to 24	32 to 27
2..15 19	23 16	18..24 28	27 24
3..12 19	24 15	19..20 27	31 24
4..10 19	25 22	20..28 32	24 20
5..8 11	17 13(*a*)	21..32 27	16 11
6..9 14	29 25	22..7 16	20 11
7..7 10	22 17	23..27 24	11 7
8..4 8	27 23	24..3 10	14 7
9..2 7	23 16	25..18 23	26 19
10..11 20	26 23	26..24 15	25 21
11..8 11	23 19	27..15 11	7 2
12..11 15	30 26(*b*)	28..11 15	2 9
13..15 24	28 19	29..5 14	17 10
14..14 18	19 16	30..15 6	21 17
15..10 15	17 14	31..6 10	13 9
16..15 19	21 17(*c*)	32..1 5, and wins.	

Notes by "Acceptance."

(*a*) Leaves the books.
(*b*) 25 to 22 draws; 30 to 26 is weak.
(*c*) I think that White's game is made the most of from this point.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 45—Vol. X.

BY W. S. KNIGHT.

White.	Black.
1..19 to 15	26 to 17
2..21	32, and wins by the "move."

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 109th POSITION.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..24 19	15 24	8..10 14	22 26
2..32 28	22 15	9..7 2	26 29
3..28 10	5 9	10..2 7	29 25
4..6 2	9 13	11..7 10	25 21
5..10 7	11 15	12..10 15	13 17
6..2 6	15 18	13..15 19	17 22
7..6 10	18 22	14..19 26, and wins.	

MATCH GAME.

BETWEEN GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY AND ACCEPTANCE.

Black—G. M. B.	White—Acceptance.
6..10 15	21 17
7..8 12	27 24

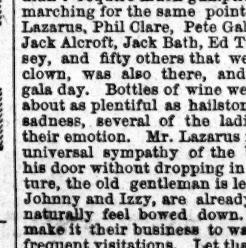
POSITION No. 46—Vol. X.

END-GAME.

Dedicated to FRANK QUEEN, ESQ.,

BY A. H. MERCER.

BLACK.



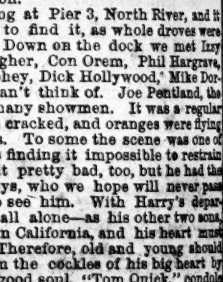
WHITE.

Black to play and draw.

The above Position can be found in A. D. P., Var. 39th, at the 31st move, "Suter Game," page 158. The great "Elucidator" says, White wins.

A SELECTION FROM DRUMMOND.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move—Black to draw.

*Drummond says, White to move and win; but Mr. Hines, of this city, declares that Black can draw, and we "see it in the same light." The Position is No. 25 in Drummond's 3d Edition.

THE RING.

"WE STILL LIVE."—HARRY HILL'S Saloon, on Houston street, enjoys the popular patronage to an unparalleled degree. The truth is, Harry is a capital fellow, and a most *recherché* caterer, and hence his almost unprecedented popularity. We advise all who desire to spend a social and delightful evening to visit his admirably conducted Restaurant and Saloon. 36-3m*

THE ST. NICHOLAS BOWLING ROOM, No. 836 Broadway, (under the Prescott House,) is the only perfect TEN PIN SALOON in New York. The Manager for thirteen years had charge of the Bowling Room at the Astor House. Wines, Liquors, and Cigars of the best quality.
40-tf PETE GALLAGHER, Proprietor.

CLIPPER SHADES, No. 40 EAST BROADWAY.—Free and Easy every Monday and Saturday evenings, with that exquisite songster, Mr. MORDECAI LYONS in the Chair. The best of Wines, Liquors, Ales, and Cigars, constantly on hand. The Proprietors will do their utmost to promote the comfort of those honoring them with a call.
44-tf DICK & EUGENE HOLLYWOOD, Proprietors.

SIR WILLIAM CLARKE AND CAPTAIN HARRY LAZARUS ON THEIR WAY TO SAN FRANCISCO.—We mentioned last week, that Harry was to sail on the 11th, but didn't know anything about Mr. Clarke's intention to keep him company—in fact, he wasn't aware of it himself until the previous day, when, taking a sudden notion, he "packed up his duds" and boxed his pictures all ready for transmigration to California. His place of business he sold out to a gentleman named Godfrey, we believe. On Wednesday morning he called at our office for a parting good-bye, and at noon we went down to see him off.

The Northern Light was lying at Pier 3, North River, and it didn't require much gumption to find it, as whole droves were marching for the same point. Down on the dock we met Izzy Lazarus, Phil Clare, Pete Gallagher, Con Orem, Phil Hargrave, Jack Alcroft, Jack Bath, Ed Tuohey, Dick Hollywood, Mike Dorsey, and fifty others that we can't think of. Joe Pentland, the clown, was also there, and many showmen. It was a regular gala day. Bottles of wine were cracked, and oranges were flying about as plentiful as hailstones. To some the scene was one of sadness, several of the ladies finding it impossible to restrain their emotion. Mr. Lazarus felt pretty bad, too, but he had the universal sympathy of the boys, who we hope will never pass his door without dropping in to see him. With Harry's departure, the old gentleman is left all alone—as his other two sons, Johnny and Izzy, are already in California, and his heart must naturally feel bowed down. Therefore, old and young should make it their business to warm the cockles of his big heart by frequent visitations. Let that good soul, "Tom Quick," condole with "Father," and testify with ourselves, the bereavement we all feel for him in his loneliness.

At half-past twelve, we all took a final parting shake of the hand with Harry and Billy, and rough as the party seemed, there was exchanged many a hearty and sincere "God bless you!" With commendable punctuality, at about 1 P. M. the gang plank was removed, and the Northern Light started on her journey. To see the hats and handkerchiefs waving, and to hear the cheers of that vast throng, reminded us of the time when we were leaving port. The steamer was away out in the stream before the boys left, and then Clarke and Lazarus were still visible, making all those expressive motions so common when outward bound.

Harry Lazarus goes out to look after his brother, and may possibly soon return, but we believe Clarke intends starting a saloon there. Billy is bound to get along well everywhere; to him New York was indebted for more real sport than to any number of those two faced customers who "pretend" to be sporting men, while they will betray their best friend if he stands in the way. If they think there is not a day of reckoning to come, we do not. Were it not for the great fight between Johnny Lazarus and Pete Daly that comes off on the 10th of March, and the fact of Harry's taking passage, Mr. Clarke wouldn't have done so either—so the poke-your-nose-into-other-people's-business tribe needn't think they've been the means of his leaving Houston street.

Mr. Clarke took "Rake" along, one of the finest sporting dogs in the country; likewise, a set of gloves for amusement on the voyage. Unless the Alabama overhauls them, with tolerable weather and bar accidents, the passengers expect to arrive at their destination early in March. By this means we shall get all the interesting particulars of the forthcoming big fight, and all the sporting intelligence direct from reliable parties. Billy will give a new impetus to sports there, and keep the CLIPPER posted "every time."

WHY CON OREM HASN'T "SPREAD HIMSELF."—We learn that the Champion of Colorado had an object in view in not showing off, but cutting up kadidoes instead, at the two exhibitions where he sparred. It seems that certain parties were taking stock of Mr. Orem, with the idea of backing a man against him at his own residence, in the Rocky Mountains, and he was aware of it. We remember his promising at some future day to show us such science that would redound to the credit of Pike's Peak, and thought then that there was something behind the scenes. Our suspicions have turned out quite correct. As to his set-to with the Californian, Con showed off a little better, but not to one half the advantage he thinks he can do when the proper time arrives. Up to the day previous to William Clarke's departure for California, last Wednesday morning, Mr. Orem sparred daily in private with that gentleman, and was getting along swimmingly. He now puts on the mits with Joe Coburn, and will continue to do so until he gives his sparring exhibition in our city, prior to leaving for California. By that time his friends at home will find in Con a different man altogether from what he was a few short weeks ago. We hear some talk that they have a big 'un in California who *thinks* he can wax Mr. Orem, and if he is not a myth, the Colorado man will accept any *defi* he may see fit to issue, and go and fight him on his own grounds.

JIMMY BURNS' MUSEUM.—To those who were never in the Central Hotel, Grand street, right opposite Odd Fellows' Hall, we would advise an early call if you are fond of relics and curiosities. Mr. Burns has a piece of the portico of the church that the immortal Washington worshipped in; a safe full of rare and valuable coins; a gold-headed cane presented to him by Dave Scanlan, Chief Engineer of the California Fire Department; a beautiful quartz seal, showing the ores of gold as found in that glorious country; a massive solid gold horse, attached to a fob chain, a gift from Tom Maguire, Esq., the Theatrical King of California, together with a monster chronometer from the same generous donor; and a large glass show case filled with odds and ends. He has also a fine series of stereoscopic views, portraits of our leading actors and actresses, and the life-like representation of the Heenan and Sayers prize fight, carved in wood, with a painting in perspective of all the notabilities present. These and many other things too numerous to mention, the obliging Jimmy will be happy to show to all who may visit him.

NOT OUR PETE GALLAGHER.—The Gallagher shot in Boston last week is not our obese friend, Pete, of the St. Nicholas Bowling Saloon, but a different sort of fellow altogether. Peter has seen many a big fight in his time, although not exactly as a belligerent. His drollery and genial spirits make him new friends instead of enemies everywhere he goes. You never knew a fat man yet that wasn't good-natured until folks tried to "rub it in;" then their rage is fearful. Imagine Father Izzy's getting mad, clinching with a man, and falling on him in every round—what would become of him, eh? That's what we'd like to know.

SOLD OUT.—Flory Macarty, the Mandarin of Weehawken, has disposed of his "Spider" in Roosevelt street, and refers his friends to the affable little Johnny Monaghan, of Water street, for all the good things of this life they may require. Johnny has quite a collection of pictures—good ones, too—that a man can't see anywhere else down town. Don't forget Monaghan when "going the rounds."

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

From the Sporting Life, Jan. 21 and 28.

SHORT NDA DECISIVE FIGHT
BETWEEN
GEORGE HENLEY AND JACK LYNCH, FOR £25 A-SIDE.

Tuesday, Jan. 20, was the day appointed for the battle between George Henley, of the Borough, and Jack Lynch, of Hammersmith, for £25 a-side, the latter to be 9st. 4lb., and his opponent catch-weight. As Lynch had achieved a great local reputation amongst the Marylebone division, by his clever victory over Bachelor, in his maiden contest, on September 3, 1861, he was matched as soon as was convenient with George Henley, as above. Both have been frequently before the public, Henley in more battles than one. The following is a brief outline of his "pedigree and performances:"—

GEORGE HENLEY was born at Tralee, in Ireland, on December 19, 1838, stands 5ft. 5¼in. in height, and on this occasion weighed 9st. 2lb. His first performance in the P. R. was with Warminger, for £10 a-side, and whom he beat in 17 min., during which seventeen rounds were fought, at Shell Haven, August 4, 1857. His next encounter was with Flatcatcher (French), for £25 a-side, when Henley again proved victor, after fighting 100 rounds, in 1 hour 45 min., down the river, on March 4, 1858. His next encounter was with Joe Nolan, of Birmingham, for £25 a-side, at the oft-frequented spot—down the river—on August 10, 1858, when Nolan won in thirty rounds, weich only lasted 32 min. Soon after the present match was made, Henley went into sharp work in town, and about a month since commenced training in earnest at Mr. Garrett's, Copenhagen Grounds, Garratt-lane, Wandsworth, in company with Young Harrington, and he did his work so well that the odds, which had been previously 6 to 4 on Lynch, were taken so eagerly that the betting soon became a level. For his performance yesterday he was backed from Jemmy Welch's, the Griffin, Church street, Borough, whence he took his departure on Tuesday morning.

Jack Lynch is of Irish extraction, but was born at Hammersmith, on March 24, 1841; stands 5ft. 7¼in. in height, and weighed on scaling, 9st 2½lbs. He had been only once previously in the magic circle when he fought Batchelor, for £10 a side, in the same ring that W. Shaw and Tom Tyler settled their "draw," on Sept. 4, 1861, when, after fighting fourteen rounds, which lasted 50 min., Lynch was declared the winner. In the present match, he was backed from Jesse Hatton's, the Champion Stores, Homer street, Paddington, and trained under the superintendence of W. Spooner, at Mr. Bullock's, Wheatsheaf, Shepherd's Bush, during the last month, and certainly never was a man brought to a ring-side in better condition. He took up his quarters the night before the fight, close to London Bridge, which was named as the point of departure. The weighing took place at Jesse Hatton's, on Monday, and although there was no occasion for Henley to weigh, yet Jemmy Welsh not only brought him to see Lynch weigh, but also placed him on the scale, when he was found to be only 9st 2lb; while Lynch drew the scale at half a pound heavier. It having come to Jemmy Welch's knowledge that it would be a hard job for Lynch to get to weight about ten days since, he informed Hatton he would not claim forfeit should Lynch be a pound or two over the stipulated 9st 4lb. There was a very numerous attendance of the fancy previous to the man weighing, amongst whom were Jem Dillon, Job Cobley, J. Welsh, Finighty, Patsey Reardon, Jem Gollagher, Flood Donovan, Bill Barry, Bob Webb, W. Spooner, Tom Callis, Tom Goddard, Dan Morris, Tom Morris, H. Morris, Batchelor, &c. There was but very little betting, but what was done was at 6 to 4 on Lynch.

There were numerous inquiries respecting the time and whereabouts of the start, but the right speech was only given to a privileged few, under the promise of secresy, and it was not until nine o'clock in the evening, at Patsey Reardon's benefit at the Rotunda, that the general public were informed, and the high tariff set on the tickets for the journey there and back. This latter precaution no doubt kept many of the rougher portion of the ring followers away. Orders were given for those who wished to be present to meet at the London Bridge at seven A. M. Yesterday morning, at the time appointed (seven o'clock), several figures were seen descending the steps on the Surrey side of London Bridge, it having oozed out that a journey in torrents, those present determined to face it all. A ney by water was the mode of transit, and although it was rain-steamer was moored off the pier with steam up, and when Jemmy Welsh and Jesse Hatton, under whose management the trip was undertaken, had arrived on board, the one boat brought the passengers from the pier as expeditiously as possible. Henley was the first to show on board, where he arrived with Harrington, &c., at a quarter past eight, having Young Welsh, who had to fight for a purse, in his train. Lynch embarked at twenty-five minutes past eight, with Spooner, &c., and both having passed the time of day, proceeded to make themselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, for the rain still came down in torrents, and was forced through every exposed crack and corner by the gale which was blowing. At nine o'clock the captain of the "Gratitude" gave orders to stand by, and when the last boat load was safely shipped, she swung round with the tide, and all were fairly under way in search of knowledge under difficulties. As Greenwich was reached, it became evident that the gale, though not felt along the sheltered banks of the Thames, was a stiff one, and everyone prepared himself for a regular "nor'-wester," when they got farther down the—this time a misnomer—silent highway.

At Greenwich, Patsey Reardon and Smith of Brighton came on board, the latter losing his hat. The gale now, although the steamer had it right aft, caused the water, as the wind met the tide, to be very lumpy, which sent the timid down into the cabins, and made the bolder hold fast. When a bend of the river caused the steamer to have the full weight of the gale amidships, she heeled in a manner that caused a cry of "trim the boat." It was not until noon that a landing could by any means be effected, and then not until a friendly pilot on shore had given "the tip" that there was sufficient water in a friendly creek, when a slippery and scrambling descent was accomplished. Fred Oliver and assistants soon had the ring ready for the men, and an inner ring was formed; but there was a sad dearth of the patrons of the "stalls." Some considerable time was cut to waste before a referee could be prevailed upon to accept office—several well-known sporting characters refusing, in consequence of the bad conduct exhibited almost invariably towards that official. But Puggy White having, by great persuasion, been induced to accept office, and take his seat, George Henley, at exactly ten minutes to one, threw in his cap, his seconds being "the D'Orsay of the Ring" and Patsey Reardon. Lynch followed almost instantly, attended by Young Broome and Jesse Hatton. The toss for choice of corners was won by Lynch, who chose that with his back to the wind. The betting was level, but very limited. The colors of the men—a blue silk handkerchief, with a white check, for Henley, and a blue, with a narrow yellow cross-bar for Lynch—having been staked, they stood up at two minutes and a half past one for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. As the men were delivered at the scratch by their seconds, although the wind was blowing a gale, the sun shone out most brilliantly, which, combined with the certainty of a fight, cheered the drooping hopes of those round the ring. The condition of both men reflected the greatest credit on themselves and trainers. There was a great disparity in height and length of reach, which was decidedly in favor of Lynch, who stood over his opponent; but Henley made up for that difference by his squareness of build and well-developed shoulders. Henley stood in a good position, with his hands well advanced, and his body well inclined backwards. Lynch stood firmly, but did not use his hands with freedom, and was evidently not at home, although he threw out his left freely; but from the manner in which he held out the right, it was plain that his dexter hand was to be his most effective weapon of attack. Very little sparring took place, for after one or two feints, as feelers, Lynch was all about the ring; but Henley, getting within reach, dashed his left on the cheek, and was away from the return. On getting together, Henley feinted; Lynch "travelled," but Henley following him, slight exchanges took place, and Lynch rushed in, but was met by a right-handed cross counter on the jaw—rather high—which, added to a slip, sent Lynch down.

2. This was very soon over, for no sooner was time called, and the men on their legs, than Lynch rushed into close quarters, and before a blow could be struck, grappled for the fall, which was gained by Henley, who threw Lynch head over heels. Offers to lay 6 to 4 on Henley.

3. Henley up to time as soon as called; Lynch was also very eager, but sparred with greater precision than previously, for on Henley getting within shot, the Paddington lad planted his left on Henley's left eye, receiving on the lip, from which blood was seen, and claimed by "the D'Orsay" for Henley. Lynch then visited the mouth with the left, and the jaw with the right, receiving on the mouth, and on Lynch getting close, he planted on the cheek, and Henley fell forward at the ropes. Time, 4min.

4. Henley came up with his left eye rather flushed, and Lynch with his jaw slightly swollen. They sparred for some little time, until Henley sent out his left short, as a feeler, and Lynch followed suit, getting back. They sparred until within distance, when Lynch chopped at his opponent with his left, but Henley got away. Henley renewed the sparring, and, after feinting with the left, made ready to deliver his right, but Lynch would not be caught, and was away. Lynch tried his left at the body, but was short, and followed suit with his right, but missed. This brought on left-hand counters, Lynch getting on the eye, and Henley on the nose, followed by random hitting with both hands, in which each delivered with the right rather severely, until they fought to the ropes, where Henley got his right heavily on the neck, and followed it up with forcing exchanges, and the round was concluded by Lynch being fought down.

5 and last. Henley, as soon as time was called, walked into the centre of the ring, and waited a few seconds for Lynch, who, on leaving his corner, dashed in at Henley with both hands, but was met with a tremendous left-hander on the point of the jaw, which knocked Lynch upon the flat of his back, insensible. The Henleyites were in ecstacies, and soon had their man in the middle of the ring, while "Massa D'Orsay" was looking after "time." On time being called, there was no response from Lynch's corner, and it was not until the allotted extra time had expired, and the referee had arisen to enter the ring to announce the battle decided, that the sponge was thrown up by Young Broome, and Henly declared the winner, after fighting exactly 9¼ minutes. It was some time before Lynch became "himself again;" and when he recovered he shed tears of mortification at his defeat.

REMARKS.

In consequence of the sudden termination of the above contest, it is impossible to enter fully into remarks, more especially as this is only the second battle which Lynch has fought. However, up to the time of Lynch being knocked out of time, Henley had decidedly the best of the battle, and had nearly brought it off in the first round, and again in the fourth. Henley has, without doubt, much improved, and will now, we believe, prove a thorn in the side of most at his weight. There is no doubt that Lynch was fairly out of time, as his seconds did not leave a remedy untried to bring him round.

GALLANT FIGHT
BETWEEN
JACK HARTLEY AND SIMON FINIGHTY,
FOR £50, AT 7ST 13LB.

The long expected mill between Jack Hartley and Simon Finighty, for £25 a-side, at 7st 13lb, was attempted to be brought off in the Home circuit on Jan. 27, and from the well-known science of both, a rattling fight was expected. The locality chosen was down the river, and a steamer was chartered for the occasion. Both men have been before the public several times, and their pedigree and performances are as follows:—

SIMON FINIGHTY was born in London, on August 19, 1835, of Irish parents, and weighed, on the present occasion, 7st 11lb, and stands 5ft. 3½in. His first recorded battle was eleven years since, on November 9, 1852, when Simon proved victorious over one Thompson, for £10 a-side, at Long Reach, after fighting thirty-five rounds, his weight being 7st 10lb. Finighty could not find a job about his calibre for a twelvemonth, when we find him engaged in a rather warm task, with Riley, of Birmingham (who was never beaten, according to "Fistiana,") for £10 a-side, down the river, when they were obliged to draw, in consequence of darkness coming on, after fighting forty-five rounds in 2 hours and 10 min., on November 8, 1853. Nearly four years elapsed ere Simon again tried his hand, as nothing is recorded of him until October 27, 1857, when he beat Charley Lynch (the American) for £15 a-side, in 2 hours 48 min., and ninety-five rounds, at Old Haven—Lynch lost the battle through a foul blow. His next engagement was scored as a victory to Simon, as he defeated Norton, for £25 a-side, down the river, on November 9, 1858, (exactly six years since his maiden contest,) after fighting forty-six rounds in 1 hour 40 min. His last battle was his second meeting with Charley Lynch, for £50 a-side, when the American won in forty-three rounds and one hour and 10 min., on the Kentish Marshes, August 2, 1859. For the present match he was backed from Mr. J. Jones's, Queen Victoria, Middle street, Cloth Fair. He trained at Garratt lane, with Young Harrington, who certainly did his duty to his man.

YOUNG HARTLEY was born in 1838, is 5ft. 1in. in height, and on the present occasion weighed 7st 11lb. He has performed as follows:—Drew with Toddy Ray, £5 a-side, 110 rounds, 2 hours 30 min., at Rainham, September 29, 1856. Beat Keefe. £15 a-side, 126 rounds, 3 hours, 3 min., near Gravesend, January 19, 1858. Beaten by Mick Moran, £25 a-side, sixty-four rounds, 2 hours 10 min., Kentish Marshes; both fought to a stand-still. Referee appointed a second meeting, October 8, 1859, when Hartley would not agree to a referee, and the stakes were awarded to Moran. Beaten by Peter Morris, £25 a-side, ninety-four rounds, 77 min., April 5, 1860, Home circuit. Drew with Young Lead, £25 a-side, eleven rounds, 20 min. Hartley received £7 to draw, October 5, 1860. Drew with Tommy Newton, £25 aside, nineteen rounds, 4 hours, 8 min. Mutual agreement. Beat Stiff-'un (Mace's Potboy,) £10 a-side, eighty-two rounds, 2 hours 28 min. Beaten by Peter Morris, on May 7, 1862, for £25 a-side, after fighting fifty-nine rounds, which lasted 2 hours 17 min. He trained at the Cart Overthrown, Lower Edmonton, with Myers the pedestrian, and was backed from Mr. Boston's, Queen's Head, Shoreditch.

The weighing took place on Monday, at Mr. Jones's, when both were found to be well within weight. The betting at the scaling was at evens, and a good sum was invested. An early train ran the voyagers down to North Woolwich, where a steamer was ready. After a long trip the first pitch was made at five minutes past eleven, at an old spot. Hartley was first in the ring, attended by a couple of Well known East-enders, quickly followed by Finighty, who also was esquired by East-end talent. The colors of the men—a white silk handkerchief, with a shaded black check and red border for Finighty; and a handkerchief with a violet ground and yellow and black check, for Hartley—having been staked, the lads bet a fiver, and were delivered by their seconds at the mark, at four minutes past twelve, for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. When the seconds had shaken hands and retired to their respective corners, profound silence prevailed, and the condition and appearance of the bantams was very eagerly scanned; and murmurs of approbation were heard all around the ring. These lads are the best representatives of the feather weight school who have shown in the buff for some time, or at any rate since Hartley met the Birmingham wonder, Peter Morris. Simon Finighty is much the taller of the two, but is of a very wiry build, with a good spread of shoulder, but not with so well developed a head as his opponent. He is very lengthy in his arms, and his position was most artistic as he placed himself in attitude for the fray, and showed he was a perfect master of the art of self-defence. Hartley is thoroughly a pocket Hercules, with massive shoulders and prominent chest, on which the muscles played with every motion of his arms. He is very muscular in the arms, which, however, are short in comparison with the weapons of attack belonging to his opponent. Jack is particularly powerful across the loins, and his legs are of a very sturdy build, and, as he threw himself into position, his countenance and every movement displayed the utmost determination. After some good sparring, in which both were shifty, they got within distance, when Hartley sent his left out with a determination to cleverly away. Hartley knocked Finighty's right hand from him getting land the left, but was out of distance. This led to some very pretty and clever manœuvring, which ended by Simon trying a vicious left-hander; Hartley avoided by getting well away. On getting within shot, Hartley was short at the body, and both, to a certainty, had on their puzzling caps, and were at a loss what to do to the best advantage. From time to time, they approached within reach, and as often drew back and sparred for an opening, until Hartley seizing an opportunity, jumped in, and planted a left-hander lightly on the mouth, Simon being very short in his return, in consequence of slipping in the act of delivering. Very great caution was displayed as the bantams played round each other, until Simon took the initiative by just reaching the mark with his left; Hartley only missed landing a vicious right-hander at the head by a shave. Cleverness was now the order of the day, and the science displayed was the theme of admiration. They tried first one hand and then the other, at all points, but each finding that his opponent was as wide awake as himself, was obliged to rest contented with sparring for an opening. Hartley was first by trying his left at the body, but as Finighty was at home, he was forced to be content by stopping it before it reached its wished destination. On getting together, Simon led off at the head; Hartley was away "like a shot," but did not escape a second attempt with Simon's left, which landed fairly on the mouth, Jack retaliating with his left on the mark. The usual sparring for an opening took place, until Hartley stooped, and delivered a long shot with his left on the body, and tried his right at the same place, but was short. Simon dashed at Hartley, who recovered himself with great quickness, and rapid exchanges with both hands ensued, until Hartley went down from a slip, but was soon up, and wanted to renew the round, which proceeding was nonsuited by Simon being carried to his corner. Time, 5 min.

2. Both came up with great readiness to the call of time, and, beyond being rather blown and flushed from their exertions, showed no marks of punishment. The previous pretty display of caution and cleverness was renewed, each in turn trying to steal a march on his opponent by feinting and breaking ground. Hartley was the first to renew hostilities, by dashing his left at the body, but missed, in consequence of Simon getting back. He, however, immediately gathered himself together, followed Hartley, and tried the double, both falling short. Hartley jumped in, missing with his left as he advanced, and receiving a steadier on the mark. Jack soon shook off the effects of the visitation, and followed up Simon's tactics by planting his left on the body, getting well away from the return. Simon looked savage, and went after Hartley, getting well on the mark, and again on the nose. Encouraged by his success in his attack, Finighty followed it up by dashing his left at the head, which was prettily stopped by Hartley, who countered heavily on the nose, drawing an effusion of blood. (Claimed and allowed for Hartley.) This forced exchanges until they closed, when, after a short struggle, both were down together, and rolling over, separated.

3. At the call of time, Hartley was the first to leave his second's knee, and, with the exception of a few red marks about the region of the body, did not show any marks of punishment. Simon was soon after him, having his nose flushed. Hartley had orders from his seconds to make the pace, and, like a good lad, obeyed orders. It was not, however, until there had been several shifts and moves over the ring that business commenced by Jack jumping in and forcing exchanges, which were of a very merry description, on the face and side of the head, until they closed, when Hartley slipped down laughing.

4. Finighty was much flushed in the face when he came up, Hartley scarcely looking any different. The previous caution was again put into force, each in turn feinting and getting out of range. Hartley was the first to get on, but only lightly on the chest; Finighty short at the head. After sparring, Simon followed Hartley to the ropes, and, getting rather close, Hartley gave him a reminder with the left on the mouth, which sent Simon back in the act of delivering his left at the head, causing him just to miss his mark. Both had warmed a bit to their work, and sparred with great earnestness for an opening. Hartley planted his left on the chest without a return. After more sparring, Hartley again visited the mark, which woke up Simon, who tried his left very viciously at the head, but was short. A second attempt at the body got well home, and was met by Hartley dashing to close quarters, when some very quick half-armed hitting ensued, until Simon closed, and tried for the fall. After a short struggle, both were down, Hartley undermost. Time, 15 min.

5. Finighty was much flushed about the face, but more from his exertions than from punishment. Hartley showed nothing on the head. After the usual shifty tactics, each advancing and retreating in turn, Finighty tried his left on the body, and ducked to avoid the return, which only just missed, and before Hartley had recovered his balance, Finighty tried an upper cut with his right, which was well intended, but, from over-eagerness, went wide of the mark. They sparred very quickly until within distance, when Hartley paid a left-handed visit to Simon's body, and jumped back. A couple of shots took effect on the body, each alternately landing, when Simon went vigorously to work, by getting his left on the forehead, and followed it up by closing. Hartley, in no way reluctant, met him with hearty good will, and rattling exchanges passed on the head, until Finighty grappled for the throw, when Hartley gave way, and both went down, Simon uppermost. Time, 21 min.

6. When time was called, both were a trifle slow to leave their respective corners, but Hartley was first to show at the mark. There was still the same amount of caution and cleverness displayed in the mode of attack and defence, each, as before, waiting for his companion to lead off, Hartley was the first to land effectively with the left on the body, which, after some sparring, was returned by Finighty on the mark. Simon followed Hartley, who retreated, and, catching his heel, fell. He, however, jumped up immediately, and renewed the round. After sparring all over the ring, Hartley landed warmly with his left on the body, Simon in return getting on the forehead. Wild and random exchanges passed, which were concluded by Simon pushing Hartley away from him with his open hand, and Hartley went down easily.

7. No serious punishment had up to the present time been administered, both being such thorough masters of self-defence. As they faced each other, the backers of Hartley were vociferous in their offers to lay odds, which was met with eagerness by the friends of Finighty. Simon, after sparring and feinting a time or two, tried his left at the head, but was out of all distance, as Hartley got back, and missed with his right. On again getting within reach, Finighty got his left home on the left eye, and stopped Hartley's left-handed counter; after which, they closed and fought, with both hands, until Hartley got down to avoid a struggle for the fall. Time, 25 min.

8. From the fighting that had taken place all over the ring, the ground at places had become very slippery. This round was characterised by some of the best and cleverest tactics ever witnessed, which, although tedious to those who revel in the rough-and-ready style, was in the present instance appreciated by at least three-fourths of the spectators. Neither would lead off at the head, but contented himself with from time to time paying a visit to the body. They stood and had a look at each other for a few moments, but soon crept within distance, and feinted at the body in turn. Hartley, after a break-away, jumped in, and got his left on the right eye, and the right on the ear. This visitation riled Simon, who followed his man, and leaving himself open, "Jackey" planted his left a tidy smack on the mark. Simon's left was well stopped, but another attempt proved successful, as it visited Jack's nose smartly. After a bout of sparring, a very rapid left-hand counter passed, Hartley getting on the eye, and Finighty on the nose. Exchanges at half-armed distance followed, until they closed, and Hartley got down to avoid the fall. Time, 35 min.

9. Hartley was flushed about the nose and eye when he came up; Finighty was also flushed, and had a bump or two on the forehead from the blows at in-fighting. Neither had lost an atom of his skill in defence, and pursued the same game as previously, feinting, retreating, and shifting ground. Simon planted his left on the body, Hartley following suit at the same place. Hartley, after manœuvring for some time, succeeded in getting his left on the mouth, just escaping a very hot return from Finighty's left. Hartley soon returned to the attack, and got twice home with the left on the body; after which they went to work with both hands in the middle of the ring, until Hartley got down on his knees. Time, 40 min.

10. There was no change in the tactics of the men, both being advised to find out a weak point, if possible, in his adversary's defence. Hartley was the first to score a hit, with the left on the mark, followed by a rapid left-handed counter, Hartley getting well home on the mouth, Simon on the cheek-bone. This brought on very rapid exchanges on the side of the head and face, until they closed, when Finighty proved the stronger man, and threw Hartley.

Just as time was called for the ensuing round, the authorities showed their unwelcome and unexpected faces, which of course caused an immediate cessation of hostilities, and the men were got out of the ring as soon as possible, after fighting exactly 43 min.

As soon as possible a re-embarkation was effected, and, by the orders of the referee, a move was made towards fresh ground, which was reached in due time, and as it was low water, or nearly so, a fine tract of mud was not only to be seen, but to be waded through before the ring could be again arranged shipshape. All obstacles, however, were at length overcome, and everything was again ready for the fray at a quarter past two, when Hartley stepped inside the ropes, Finighty following suit a few moments after. No time was lost before the lads were ready, and, beyond a little chaff between the seconds respecting corners, it was arranged that each should please themselves, and, taking their positions on the side of the ring out of the wind, they stood up at twenty-one minutes past two for the

RENEWED FIGHT.

Round 11. Finighty showed his left eye rather swollen, and a graze on his forehead and chin, as well as having his chest marked with a red dot or two. Hartley's left eye was swollen, and as well as his opponent, had marks on the body. Precisely the same manœuvres were carried out as in the previous ring, a repetition of which would be tedious and out of place. Hartley was the first to make play effectively, by getting his left lightly on the mouth. Simon went after him as he retreated, and squared accounts by getting home with his left on the nose, and afterwards on the body. More caution was shown, each in turn feinting and getting well out of distance, until they suddenly found themselves within shot, when they simultaneously countered with the left—Hartley on the mouth, Simon on the left eye. Simon followed Jack to the ropes, where the latter made a stand, and a vigorous dash at the body, which was avoided by Finighty slipping him. On again meeting, Hartley put his left [illegible] who countered on the cheek. Some fine body Finighty then both sides on the body, and Jack visited the head with the left. Simon closed and tried to hold Hartley, who got away, and met Simon's rush, when they again countered prettily with the left, Simon getting a "hot-'un" over Hartley's right eyebrow, inflicting a severe cut, from which the blood trickled freely; Hartley got home on the nose. This led to exchanges of a very rapid description, until a close took place, and they wrestled until Hartley slipped down. Time in second ring, 12 min.

12. Hartley was bleeding from the cut inflicted in the last round, but he came up smiling, and strong on his legs; Simon was rather flushed, but also strong. After some long sparring in Finighty's corner, neither throwing away a chance, they got to work by Hartley dashing in, getting on right and left, when very effective changes passed until they closed, and both were down and rolled over and over.

13. Hartley was still bleeding from the eyebrow; Finighty had nothing the matter. Simon commenced the business by visiting the body with his left without a return. Left-handed counters, Hartley getting on the body, and Finighty on the eye, and Hartley's left at the body was stopped. Some very pretty sparring intervened, until a good left-handed counter on the head passed like lightning. Simon then planted his left without a return, when Hartley got his right on the head and dashed in viciously, but on being grappled with for the fall, he went down cleverly.

14 and last. There was a cry now raised that the police were handy in a sailing boat; but, despite that, the lads got at it, and were busy for some time in countering and exchanging, until it was certain that the alarm of magisterial interference was correct. The referee then ordered the men to desist, and leave the ring, after they had been fighting 28 min. in the second ring, and 1 hour 11 min. altogether. A hurried embarkation took place, and, as the ropes and stakes had been seized, nothing remained but a journey home. The referee named another day in the week for conclusions to be again tried.

REMARKS.

In consequence of the interruption and sudden termination of the contest, any remarks respecting the issue of the battle would be out of place, the more especially as the contest, as far as it went, was of a very level character. There is no doubt, however, that the science displayed was of a first-rate order, and, whoever wins or loses, neither will have disgraced themselves.

POSH PRICE AND JACK PARKINSON (BOTH OF BIRMINGHAM), FOR £20.

On Monday, Jan. 26, pursuant to articles, these men met to settle who was "best man." Posh has figured so recently in the P. R. with Joe Goss (now matched with Jem Mace), that we deem a recapitulation unnecessary. Of Parkinson we have to record a defeat by Flesh, of Dudley, after a short, but exceedingly obstinate battle. He likewise had to succumb to Bob Brettle, after as good a battle (as owned by Brettle himself) as ever he fought. He had on two previous occasions been matched with Price, but the affair in neither case was brought to a conclusion, and much doubt existed in the minds of many as to the present assuming a *real* aspect. Before daybreak on Monday, the various vehicles chartered for the occasion were in a state of preparation, and a general start was effected soon after 7 A. M. After traveling some eight miles on the Lichfield-road, a "halt" was called at Dell's Green, the fixture made, but the ever-vigilant *blues* were on the alert. The referee, seeing the dilemma, wisely ordered a retreat to a spot near the Old Beesom House, of pugilistic renown. On arriving, however, the same *watchful guardian of the peace* was at hand after the ropes and stakes were nearly pitched. A second move was rendered necessary, and, after proceeding some four miles, a spot skirting the road was selected, and the ring was verging on completion when the ubiquitous "peeler" (on whose head some of the choicest *blessings* were invoked) again appeared, like Jack-in-the-box, where he was least expected, and caused a further journey to be made. It was suggested, however, that at a short distance further his jurisdiction would end, as they would then be in Warwickshire. On arriving at the spot, a portion of Sutton Common, a scramble over the fence was speedily commenced, and the ring pitched at once, when Parkinson was the first to shy his cap in, speedily followed by Price, and, on stripping, Parkinson looked in remarkably fine fettle; Price also in good form, though a *little* fleshy. They shook hands, and at last, at twenty minutes past twelve, stood up for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. After a little sparring, Price led with the left, and got slightly on the ribs, receiving on the left cheek in return. They now got to in-fighting, and closed, Parkinson under in the throw.

2. Parkinson led on the left-eye—an ugly cut—Posh getting well on the ribs, when they got to ding-dong work, and in closing Parkinson slipped down.

3. Posh came up bleeding at the nose. (First blood for Parkinson.) They closed at once without an exchange, and in the finish both were down in the middle of the ring.

4. Terrific fighting, Parkinson getting on the left-eye and opening the old wound. Posh returned with great force on his favourite spot, the ribs, when they got to very hot exchanges, and in close both went down at the ropes.

5. Both came up flushed, Price's left eye much puffed, and like "going up;" Parkinson's ribs looking all colours. Another terrific round, both men slogging away in sledgehammer style. They closed; both down on the ropes.

6. Closed without an exchange; after a good wrestle for the fall, both down over the ropes.

7. Price led with a stinger on the chest, and received heavily on the left cheek; they closed, when Price got the crook on cleverly, and threw his man.

8. Posh led with a hot-'un on the ribs, and again got on the same spot, at which Parkinson shook his head; they got to close work, and Posh again got the crook on, but in the fall both went down, side by side.

9. Posh led on the chest, Parkinson returning on the left cheek, when they got away again, and sparred all over the ring. On getting together, some heavy exchanges followed, Price trying to get on the "hug," which Master Jack cleverly avoided by slipping down.

10. Another slogging round; all give-and-take business, Price getting on the ribs with great force, Parkinson returning on the mouth, when they closed, and Price slipped down.

11. So even had been the battle up to this time, that no betting had been recorded. Price led with a spanker on the ribs, and some terrific exchanges took place; a close, and both were down in Parkinson's corner.

12. Closed at once, fibbing merrily, Parkinson slipping down.

13. Posh rushed to the battle, and forced the fighting, getting again heavily on the ribs, and fighting his man down at the ropes.

14. Terrific exchanges, right and left; both down at the ropes.

15. After a few sharp exchanges, both men stood staring at each other, Parkinson rubbing his chest, and Posh feeling the muscle of his arms menacingly. They got to close work, and in the finish both were down in the middle of the ring.

16. Parkinson led with a "buster" on the cheek, and had the best of the round, pinking his man very cleverly, until Price slipped down to avoid.

17. Sparring for wind. Parkinson landed a stinger on the nose, when they closed, and both went down at the ropes.

18. Very quick, Price landing a sweet remembrancer on the mouth, when they closed; both down.

19. Another slogging round. Terrific-give-and take exchanges, Posh slipping down out of danger.

20. Both men up puffing from the quick fighting of the previous rounds. After a little sparring, Price got well on the ribs and chin, and received on the mouth, when they closed; both down in Posh's corner.

21. Closed at once. Posh got the crook on, throwing his man heavily, and falling on him.

22. Posh made a desperate lunge at the ribs, which resounded again, Parkinson returning on the mouth and chest. After a few exchanges, Posh slipped down to avoid.

23. Closed at once, and after a tussle for the throw, Parkinson went down heavily.

24. On coming up, Price showed symptoms of weakness, and puffed much for wind. Parkinson here took the lead, and invested heavily right and left with but little return, and in the close both were down, Price under.

25. Tremendous fighting, mostly in favor of Parkinson; in the close, both down, side by side.

26. Another terrific round, tooth and nail; Price slipping down to avoid.

27. Price again resorted to his slippery work, cleverly avoiding a mischievous upper-cut.

28. Price rather shaky, but game to the back-bone. Parkinson led with a fine cut on the left eye, and fought his man down.

29. A few exchanges in favor of Parkinson; Price again down to avoid.

30. It was evident that Posh had been nursing himself, as he now came up strong as a lion, and got home gently on the ribs, getting away, and gently going down.

31 and 32. Price made another onslaught on the ribs, and fell from the force of his own blow.

33. Price began to take the lead, investing on the mouth and ribs; dose repeated, Parkinson slipping down on his knees.

34. Price delivered a tremendous rib-roaster, and was finely countered on the mouth and left eye. On closing, both down, Posh upper.

35. Posh came up very determined, and, despite one or two ugly returns, fought his man down over the ropes.

36. Price led on the ribs, and got well countered on the left eye and mouth, when he again visited the old spot most viciously, falling from the effects of his own blow. Time, 55 min.

A cry of "Police" was here raised, when our old friend again turned up, with an assistant in the arduous duty of keeping the peace, and a rush was made pell-mell to escape, each thinking, as is usual, of number one. Parkinson, who was very sore, was pounced upon, but at once released. It being impossible to bring off the affair on Monday, all made the best of their way home, the referee ordering the men to meet on the following morning.

The men met again on the 27th, according to appointment, at Hedge Hill, seven miles from Birmingham, and fought twenty-three well-contested rounds, much in favor of Price. After fighting exactly one hour, Parkinson's friends gave in for him, their man being much punished. Price, on the other hand, was but slightly marked.

FIGHT BETWEEN DOVE AND W. LEAD,
FOR £5 A SIDE.

These lads, the latter a brother of the well-known Jack Lead, who fought Hartley, were to have fought a week earlier, but on all had to return home disappointed. At a meeting of their backers the same evening, it was arranged that Monday, Jan. 26, should be the day for the mill, and a spot near home was fixed upon for the contest to take place, and at an early hour Fred Oliver and his assistants were there with the ring, but great delay was caused by the absence of Dove, who did not show until nearly an hour had elapsed; this delay caused a move from the first-selected ground, and a long tramp over the wet marshes of Essex was the consequence, and the best ground that could be picked was anything but good. When the ring was formed, Lead was the first to throw in his cap, and was attended by his brother Jack, and J. Brown. He was soon followed by Dove, who had for his esquires Tom Tyler and Jemmy Keefe. Dove, for this event, was backed from Bill Richardson's, Lead from J. Brown's, and this was the maiden attempt of each in the magic circle. Their toilets being completed, at five minutes to ten they shook hands, and commenced business. On being left at the scratch, both looked in tolerable condition, weighing about 7st 10lb or 12lb, Dove being a little the heavier. Much sparring ensued ere they could make up their minds to get to work, and everything promised a long and protracted contest. Dove proved himself, however, the better tactician, and began to plant on his adversary both on the body and face, escaping with but very slight returns. The first round lasted twenty minutes, and in all this time very little damage was done, unless it was to the ground, which, from the repeated advancing and retreating of the combatants, was almost a quagmire, and exceedingly slippery. From the commencement of the second round, Dove took a decided lead, repeatedly getting his left with stinging severity on his opponent's ribs, varying the dose now and then by visiting the nose and mouth, and getting very little in return. Lead seemed to have no notion of the business he had undertaken, although he entered the ring with a great reputation as a performer with the gloves, and would have been backed for a considerable sum had there been any one present to have backed Dove. In the fourth round, Dove gained first blood by a flush hit on the mouth, and again dashed his left at his opponent's ribs, which became very much discolored, as was also his left arm from the wrist to the shoulder, in endeavoring to stop the repeated blows of Dove. The muddy state of the ring as the fight progressed, militated much against the lads, still no disposition was shown on either side to get down. After the tenth round, it was any odds on Dove, who had not a mark, while Lead's head presented a very marked appearance; but still, the game fellow tried his utmost to win, but could not "get on" at all. In the thirteenth round, Dove administered some very heavy punishment, and the fight looked "over;" but at this moment some police were seen in the distance, and Lead came gamely up, round after round, receiving most woeful visitations in the endeavor to protract the contest until such time as the "blues" might arrive and put an end to it. Six more short rounds were fought, when the "powers that be" were in such close proximity as to cause the referee to order hostilities to cease, and the ring was taken up, after they had been fighting 1 hour 20 min. A consultation was held, and Buckhurst Hill was named as the place for the next meeting, at two o'clock, and tickets were taken for that station; but, ere arriving at their destination, Lead's backers offered Dove £4 to draw, which was accepted, and all returned home. All bets, therefore, are off.

MILL IN THE HULL DISTRICT.—On Monday, Jan. 26, Young Nipper Turner and O'Brien met at Newland Toits, near Hull, to contend for a small stake at catch-weight, and after fighting seventeen rounds, they were stopped by the police. They then made a move to Stone Ferry, some distance off, when they fought eighteen rounds more, and the referee decided against Turner, on the ground that he fell foul. There was a great deal of difference between the men in point of size, as Turner only stood 5ft. 6in., weighing 8st 2lb; whilst his opponent, a burly son of the Emerald Isle, stood 5ft. 9½in., and weighed 11st 10lb or 12lb. Turner held the lead all throughout, planting very heavily on O'Brien's Frontispiece, invariably getting away without a return, and punishing his opponent fearfully, whilst he himself had not a scratch. Such was the power with which the "little-'un" delivered his stingers, and the weight of the material against which he was pitted, that he repeatedly fell from the force of his own blows. The referee, after a great deal of intimidation from O'Brien's party, who behaved most shamefully, decided against Turner. Great dissatisfaction was expressed at their conduct, who, when their man was quite helpless, were determined not to lose if they were not able to win.

EPITAPH ON A "SMITHY."

My Sledge and Hammer lie reclined,
My bellows, too, have lost their wind;
My Fire's extinguished; *Forge* decayed;
And in the Dust my Vice is laid;
My Coal is spent; my Iron gone;
My last Nail's driven—my work is done;
The last Nail's driven—my work is done;
My fire-dry'd corpse lies here at rest.
My soul, smoke-like, 's ascending to be blest.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Continued from Page 355.

DRAMATIC.

Geo. Boniface, of New York, put in a few nights last week at the Front-street, Baltimore, having followed Miles, of horse renown. We have no veritable confirmation of the rumor of the death of Miles' "Minnehaha." Dan Rice used to kill his beautiful horse "Excelsior" every now and then, but it always recovered at the proper time.

NEGRO MINTSRELSY.

The Birch and Cotton Minstrels still retained possession of Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco. They had brought out a musical burlesque, entitled "King Blear," with the following cast:—King Blear, Harry Courtaine; Bloater, Wm. T. Aymar; Spittytouty, Sam Wells; Duke Allbony, Ben Cotton; Goggle, Wm. O'Neil; Scragina, Miss Jenny Mandeville; Queen Graceful, Miss A. Mandeville.

At Sanford's Opera House, Harrisburg, on the 14th, every lady visitor was presented with a valentine.

The performances of Sam Sharpley's troupe in Auburn, N. Y., on the 11th and 12th, are highly eulogised by a correspondent, E. B.—their funny business, and jokes, in particular, which, he says, are fresh and novel.

Duprez and Green's Opera Troupe has, as we supposed, done an excellent business since they started out. At Newark, N. J., on the 9th and 10th, many people were unable to gain entrance, and the receipts for both nights were over $600. On the 11th and 12th they appeared in Hudson, N. Y., to good business, and their commencement in Troy, on the 13th, was very flattering. They close there on the 16th, and appear at Albany on the 17th and 18th.

The "Magic Horn" is to be reproduced at Morris Brothers, Pell and Trowbridge's Opera House, the present week, a foretaste of which so pleased the Bostonians, that they are naturally rejoiced that the Minstrels are to "do so some more." Here's the great secret of success with this band of brothers—they never run a piece into the ground, but know just when to take it off or put it on. In addition to the "Horn," they give St. Valentine's Budget—another sign of their desire to keep up with the times—and half a dozen other burlesques. Box office open from 10 till 1 P. M. Ahem!

From Louisville, Ky., we have the gratifying intelligence that Morningstar's Campbell Minstrels did an excellent business at Memphis, Tenn., for six weeks, and that their four weeks at Masonic Temple, Louisville, which they commenced on the 11th inst., promises well to be ditto repeated. Let the bright and morning stars shine on. No Herschell's telescope is necessary to discern their many brilliant twinklings. For list of company, see their advertisement.

The great band under the direction of Sam Sharpley move on the works at Rochester, N. Y., this week, giving three of their attractive entertainments at Corinthian Hall on the 16th, 17th, and 18th. Sam's epistles to the Corinthians promise to be well attended.

As an evidence of the progress of minstrelsy, we have only to point to the success which attends the performances of every first class band in the country. Among the best organizations is Hooley's troupe, in Brooklyn, now attended nightly by the largest and most fashionable audiences. Mr. Hooley has been making some great improvements in his hall, etc. He has a new proscenium, new drop-curtain, new scenery, orchestra, private boxes, chandeliers, etc, and everything necessary to give comfort to his patrons, and to make his place equal to the best. These improvements will enable him to produce Mr. E. Bowers' original farces and sketches with due effect. Brooklyn has so well patronised Hooley's Minstrels, that the proprietor will leave nothing undone to merit a continuance of their favor and support. It should not be forgotten that the benefit of Mr. Bowers takes place on the 18th inst.

Rumsey's Minstrels have received very encouraging patronage. They had a fine house in Rochester on the 10th, and their entertainment was well received; the quartette—Stratton, Butler, Wrightman, and Carter being greatly applauded. Mr. Rumsey's solo was encored; he is a great performer on the banjo. Harry Hapgood, the agent of the party, had arrived in Troy, where he is making arrangements for the opening of the company on the 18th, for four nights, and then to Albany, where they commence on the 23d inst.

Troy has been black with minstrels this season, and they all appear to do well there. Buckley's Serenaders were there a couple of nights last week, and had one good house, but on the second night the people got snowed in, and didn't turn out so freely.

Rainer's Minstrels gave a four nights show at the Academy, Milwaukee, last week, closing on the 14th.

Hart & Simmons' Minstrels are already making themselves one of the most popular bands on the war-path. So far they have been successful beyond their expectations. They played two nights at Ithica, the 6th and 7th, in opposition to Hough's Dramatic Company, to overflowing audiences. On the 9th, they appeared at Owego to one of the largest crowds ever seen in Ashley's new hall. On the 10th, at Waverly; and Elmira on the 11th and 12th. From Elmira they stopped at Addison, the 13th; Hornellsville, 14th; and touch at Andover, 16th; Friendship, 17th; Cuba, 18th; Olean 19th. From there the company leave the Erie road and strike over into Pennsylvania for a week, stopping at Warren and Girard. They then steer for the far West. The boys are in the best of spirits from the splendid busines which they have so far done. In many instances they have visited towns where there has not been any kind of a show for four months, or a band of minstrels for eight or nine months, and the consequence is that the halls have been found too small to [illegible] house, but five miles country [illegible] their bean ideal of lovers to take them along.

MUSIC HALLS.

"The Adventures of a Masher" is the title of a farce by Mr. B. Cavanaugh, produced at Lea's Melodeon, Baltimore, last week.

There was a very large attendance at Fox's Casino, Philadelphia, on the 14th, and we learn that audiences were large during the week. W. Wray is engaged here, also Miss Louise Payne. Wray has given up managing. The card of the day, however, appears to be Signor Bliss, who walks upside down.

We spent a few moments at the Continental Music Hall, Philadelphia, one evening last week. It is an immense hall, and yet was crowded, and there appeared to be a good deal of business being done in the refreshment line. We heard Miss Eva Brent sing, and saw Miss Kitty Blanchard dance; they make a nice little team, and are evidently great favorites in Philadelphia. This week the great danseuse, M'lle Helene, returns, and J. C. Wallace makes his first appearance. The company is an excellent one throughout.

The Varieties, Washington, D. C., has become a very popular institution indeed, and the business done there nightly is enough to cheer any poor pilgrim in his progress. Uncle James Pilgrim manages affairs like a book; and through the liberality of the proprietors in securing talent, is enabled to give a lively programme nightly. Dick Sands, and Tim Hayes, the champion clog dancer, appear there together, this (Monday) evening, and as they are A No. 1's, great times are expected.

The concert saloons at Washington, D. C., are all doing a good business, and are adding new and popular attractions. The Campbells, at Odd Fellows' Hall, are enjoying a capital run, and meeting with a paying success. Their company is large, and among them are many New York favorites.

Fred May, comic singer, opens Feb. 16th, at the Varieties, Washington, D. C.

It is but a few short months since we announced the opening of a concert saloon in Alexandria, Va., under the management of Dick Parker. Then it was an experiment; but the present proprietors, by their liberality and enterprise, have now got Liberty Hall in a position second to none in the whole State. See the talent, many of whom are old familiar faces to New Yorkers:—Clara Harrington, Nellie Taylor, Grace De King, Annie Harrison, Tilly Forbes, Kate Harrison, Little Ella, and a strong ballet force; Tim Hayes, clog dancer, Dick Parker, Matt Gebler, Billy Emerson, Frank Wyant, Frank La Folle, and Harry Fenton. Miss Hannah Burch, the fascinating danseuse, was shortly to appear, also C. W. Parker, contortionist, and Larry Tooley, Ethiopian comedian. A match dance recently came off between Tim Hayes and M. J. St. George, for particulars of which see another column.

Miss Kate Richings, the charming vocalist, commences an engagement of four weeks, at the Varieties, Washington, D. C., Feb. 23d.

At the Canterbury, corner of Fifth and Chestnut, Philadelphia, Messrs. Gardner & Enochs are doing a quiet and snug little business, with a company of singers, dancers, and "nigger" performers. Johnny Wild is among the latter. The entrance fee is cheap, 10 cents, or 15 cents for the prominent places in front.

At the new music hall in the Union Theatre, San Francisco, alluded to in our last, is the following list of talent:—Walter Bray, Jake Wallace, J. W. Thoman, A. P. Durand, E. H. Foster, J. Shriner, B. J. Conway, W. H. Hamilton, Frank Medina, Max Zorer, J. Murphy, Ned Hamilton, Wm. Freeman, T. Lewis, Madame Ella Cadez, Miss H. Carpenter, Miss Summers, Etty Carlton, Lizzie Gordon, Mary Gould, Miss Stapleton.

A few of Manager Lea's people have been "retired" from the Baltimore Melodeon, since our last, and better ones now take their places. It does not take Mr. Lea long to find out whether a performer pays or not. If a singing woman is not good, she cannot be puffed into favor.

The Varieties, St. Louis, is doing a fair business. Miss Nellie Clifford, recently engaged at this house, is mentioned as being a balladist of considerable repute. S. S. Purdy, who was announced to re-appear at the Varieties, failed to "put in" at the time appointed. We belive Purdy made amends last week.

In the company at the Melodeon, St. Louis, are Miss Julia Barton, Ada Laurent, J. W. Corcoran, W. D. Storey, J. S. Bernard, Ned Straight, Frank Steele, and P. Carroll.

Wm. Wray, late proprietor of one of the concert saloons in Philadelphia, was arrested last week, for selling liquor to a minor, etc., but on the 13th he was discharged, there being no evidence against him. Some of these cases are often trumped up to levy black mail from managers.

The Melodeon, St. Louis, opened on the 7th inst., under the management of Mr. Bechtner. Oscar Willis is stage manager. Mr. B. must see to the comfort of his patrons. A correspondent says the hall was uncomfortably cold, there being no fire in the stoves.

The New York Concert Saloon, Cincinnati, is said to be well attended. Fernando Flory is one of the fixtures of this hall.

It is not every performer that can act in the capacity of manager. Miss Kathleen O'Neil did a very clever business while singing at various music halls, but since starting out with a company of her own, as a sort of travelling concern, we hear that she has not made out so well. Her party was at Harrisburg last week, but business was only moderate. Acting is one business; managing, another. Very few succeed in both.

There was some talk in St. Louis about a match dance between Hank the Mason and Alexander Ross, but it has probably fallen through, Hank, it is alleged, having left for Chicago.

Attention is called to a card in our advertising department, from Mr. Levi Hughes, late treasurer of Bayless' Metropolitan Varieties, Detroit, Mich. Mr. Bayless will probably soon enter the field again.

Boyce and Campbell are still at the Bowery, St. Louis, attracting large numbers by their negro eccentricities.

R. Fox, of Philadelphia, was on trial in the Court of Sessions, in that city, on the 13th inst., on the charge of larceny, growing out of the recent difficulty between rival managers concerning Continental Music Hall. The prosecutor alleged that he received from defendant a judgment note, which defendant subsequently got into his possession feloniously. The defence was, that the note was given to the prosecutor in part payment for the lease, but as it afterwards appeared that he had no title to pass, he obtained the note, considering that it had been secured by prosecutor fraudulently. The jury returded a verdict of guilty.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Little Dollie Dutton held levees at Butcher's Hall, La Salle, Ill., on the evening of the 12th, and afternoon and evening of the 13th inst. She was assisted by Miss Erminia A. Marsh, a Boston vocalist.

The Misses Julia and Lola Hudson, the attractive songstresses and danseuses, have returned from Havana, after a three months' successful engagement there. Managers wishing to engage talent in their "branch of the service," will discover their address in our advertising columns.

Among the curiosities on show at Burnell & Co's Museum, in Columbus, Ohio, are the Albino girl and twin brother, one white as the "drifting snow," the other "as black as the ace of spades;" then there is Master L. Bona, "Italian cymbal performer," and bird warbler; he is twelve years of age, and imitates all sorts of birds, beasts, and reptiles. In addition to these, is the "baboleo," a cross between the silver lion and baboon; his face is like that of a dog or wolf; mane, tail, breast, and fore legs like those of a lion, and hind quarters like those of a monkey; these hind quarters are supposed to be distantly related to Barnum's "What Is It?" Major Burnell has a lot of other marvellous productions, all to be seen for 15 cents.

A good joke is told of the Indiana girls and Artemus Ward. It seems that in one of his lectures, the showman makes some allusion to Winship, the strong man, who advertised to lift twelve able-bodied men at one and the same time. In Ward's lecture, the man of "wax figgers" facetiously invites twelve agreeable young ladies on the platform, promising to lift them one at a time, or die in the attempt. But out in "Injiahny," the girls rather got the rig on Artemus, for in the town of Nolan, where he lectured, twelve likely young damsels responded to Ward's invitation to come forward, solemly advanced to the platform, and demurely arranged themselves, in order to undergo the process of being lifted. The audience gave a regular Hoosier scream, the girls snickered, and Artemus being unable to ward off the impending laugh, took it all in good part, but didn't lift the gals; he lifted the quarters, though, and that's where he had 'em. We think we would have had *one* go at the girls, anyhow, just to see if they *would* stand fire.

Prof. Love, magician, was at Key West when last heard from. He gave a drawing room entertainment in the parlor of the Russell House, on the 16th of Jan. Cards of admission, one dollar.

Corinthian Hall, Rochester, has been pretty well occupied this season. Since the holidays, it has been engaged mostly for local amusements, such as balls, fairs, tea parties, etc. Now the traveling people are securing it again. Rumsey's Minstrels were there on the 10th and 12th, Gottschalk and Patti on the 13th, and Sam Sharpley steps in on the 16th, 17th, and 18th; and after that, La Rue's Panopticon of the War begins.

A concert is to be given in Musical Fund Hall, Philadelphia, on the 2d of March, for the benefit of four societies devoted to the relief of the soldiers. Ernest Hartman, pianist, has volunteered his services, and the entertainment will be under the auspices of a committee of the most influential citizens of Philadelphia.

Signor Blitz, who has been before the public for nearly two centuries or less, is giving a series of his amusing entertainments in Philadelphia. The Signor is a great favorite in the Quaker City, and his performances are generally well attended. His learned canary birds are not the least among the curiosities offered by the great ventriloquist and magician.

The Duranci sisters are to give a concert in Concert Hall, Philadelphia, on the 17th.

We have heard good accounts of Artemus Ward and his lectures, but on the 14th we determined to see and hear for ourselves. He gave his "Sixty Minutes in Africa," at the Musical Fund Hall, Philadelphia. It is one of the largest halls in that city, and the place was absolutely packed to its fullest capacity. The seats were all filled, and every inch of standing room occupied. It was a monster mass meeting that assembled to welcome the quaint "elocutionist" to the Quaker City. Artemus faced the vast audience with a modesty and confidence, and "spoke his piece" in the "most blandest tones." He kept his auditors in a continued roar of laughter by his queer sayings and his eccentric method of delivery. His "orations" are even more enjoyable than his very popular newspaper pieces, and we are not now surprised that he should be able to attract such immense congregations. The people see before them a plain, modest sort of a man, who puts on no airs such as are common with most "lecturers," but who talks at you in an apparently off-hand and serious manner, and [illegible] of it is, and is no mistaking where the laugh comes in; even the ladies laugh in the proper places, and in harmony with the noble and high-born lords of creation who attend them. We shall not attempt to describe the lecture, but advise our readers to go and hear for themselves whenever the opportunity offers.

James E. Murdoch is here, there, and everywhere engaged in the noble work of giving reading entertainments for the benefit of sick and disabled soldiers and their families; he was at Harrisburgh on the 12th, where he read in the Court House.

Robert Heller, the well known pianist and prestidigitateur is in Washington, having met with an unexpected "break up" in Philadelphia. "Peep" says that it was understood that he was doing a good business there, and would have continued for some time, but for the skedaddling of his partner and agent, Mr. Fred Hunt, of Cincinnati. Mr. Heller's statement is, that after performing four weeks without paying any rent, board, or printing, he was called upon for the same, and referred the parties to Mr. H. Hunt informed him he had paid one half the rent, and would pay the balance the following morning, but during the night he skedaddled, not having paid any rent, and pocketing all the proceeds on hand. Mr. H. is endeavoring to recommence operations, and it is hoped he may soon succeed, and meet with better fortune.

A series of Sacred Concerts were to be inaugurated at the Washington, D. C. Theatre on Sunday, 15th, under the direction of Mr. Koppitz, the excellent leader of the orchestra at Grover's. He has engaged some first rate talent, which, in conjunction with one of the best selected orchestras out of the metropolis, warrants an entertainment deserving of patronage. Harry Wall acts as agent.

The Peak family were at Springfield, Mass., on the 12th and 13th inst.

The Stereopticon, under the management of Mr. Tilly Haynes, is at Springfield, Mass., this week.

S. M. Hewlett lectured in Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., on "Rum and Rebellion," on Feb. 13.

The Alhambra, London, is one of the most popular places of amusement in England, and its proprietor is always ready to engage any first-class novelty that may offer. See advertisement in this issue of the CLIPPER.

Don Santiago Gibbonoise, the curley-cue feller, has been cutting up his kadidoes before the people of Grand Rapids, Mich., at the Valley City Varieties, J. B. Rhodes proprietor, much to their amusement. As late as the 12th, there were in the company T. Y. Thompson, S. Constantine, F. Cadot, J. H. Roberts, and C. E. Churchill. Business moderately good.

The Polymorama of the War was at Howard Hall, Providence, R. I., last week.

Manager Myers' dramatic troupe gave a performance at Pawtucket, R. I., on the 12th.

Fallon's Stereopticon opened at Norwich, Ct., on the 4th, and closed on the 11th inst.

The "Original Fakir of Ava" opened at Breed's Hall, Norwich, Ct., with his gift entertainment on the 12th inst., for three days. He is doing well.

For the past few weeks Cleveland has been rather destitute of amusements. The Holmans were there, but the weather was so exceedingly bad that they did not meet with the patronage they deserved or otherwise would have done. They are now in Providence, R. I. Mr. A. L. Parkes is still their genial and efficient business manager.

For the past eight days Wilder & Goodwin's "Polymorama of the War," has been the attraction at the Academy of Music, Cleveland, Ohio. It has drawn hugely—the house being packed to its utmost capacity every night of its exhibition.

L. M. W. Steere, the agent of the Carter Zouave Troupe, is just the steerer to steer a company through difficulties, for on the 12th inst., he walked nearly two miles in a snow storm to get a CLIPPER by which to map out his future campaign. Uncle Abe should secure his services at once to take our forces to Richmond, Virginia; mud wouldn't stop him. The troupe was at Hornellsville, N. Y., on the 11th and 12th, and Olean on the 13th and 14th.

The Hernandez Ravel Troupe are flourishing at the Academy of Music, Providence, R. I., during the absence of Myers' dramatic troupe. The company consists of A. M. Hernandez, C. Lehman, A. Lehman, Mons. Tophoff, Mons. Szollosy, M. Grossi, Mr. Franklin, Mr. J. A. Coleman, and a large ballet troupe, together with G. H. Moreste, the accomplished gymnast, who performs the daring and difficult act entitled "Tour Terrifique."

Jane English's New Tremont, Boston, is now in the full tide of successful experiment. The style of entertainments given by the vocalists and different members of the "Ravel Troupe" among whom are Alexander Zanfretta, Edouard Velarde, and Marietta Ravel, has hit the Bostonians "hugely." Wm. J. Lemoine is the stage director, and Wm. W. Pratt, who accompanied Mrs. English in her Canada campaign, is the business manager.

Yankee Robinson commences at the National, Cincinnati, on the 23d.

Mons. Bihin, the Belgian Giant, has astonished the patrons of the National Theatre, Cincinnati, and is now in his second week.

It is not an easy job for Barnum to get rid of his Aquarial Gardens, Boston. It has been advertised for sale for several weeks, but the "plaguey fools" don't nip, for it is the impression that if the great showman can't make the place pay, with all the facilities he has on hand, it would be a stupendous undertaking for any other man to tackle the place.

The Alleghanians and Swiss Bell Ringers "sung and rung" at Louisville, Ky., on the 9th and 10th, and at Lexington on the 11th and 12th.

Poor Brignoli got so fatigued with rehearsing "Dinorah" in Boston last week, that on the 11th "Norma" was substituted for "Lucretia Borgia," so we are informed.

We were weighed in the balances and found wanting last week, so "Boston" says, in stating that Mr. Wade had charge of the box office at the Academy of Music, Boston. J. M. Ward is the man that holds the "posish." The former sells tickets at Tolman's Music Store. "All's well that ends well."

Dr. Kane's Arctic Voyages has been on exhibition at the "Notatorium," Philadelphia. It gives place to Beale's Western World, opening on the 16th.

The Carter Zouave Troupe played four nights at Elmira, commencing on the 6th, and closing on the 11th; and notwithstanding the small pox was very prevalent in the town, and a great fear entertained by the citizens in regard to mixing together in large assemblages, we are pleased to learn that business was very good indeed, and the impression left behind such as to warrant an overflow whenever they appear again. On the 11th and 12th they appeared at Hornellsville, and from thence they Cart-er along to Olean for two days, and then to Dunkirk. We forgot to mention in our last, the fact, that in this company the valuable services of Sig. Girard are constantly brought forward to amuse the audiences. Sig. Girard is an excellent harpist, as well as a clever warbler. His imitations of birds, dogs, pigs and horses, are very fine. He also performs some very good sleight-of-hand tricks, making him a very useful man for any show. Miss Effie on one end, with Miss Ada at the other, in the Minstrel performances, are responsible for a considerable number of buttons that burst from the owners' coats, caused by their eccentricities. In Irish parts, Miss Ada is very good indeed, and will one day occupy a prominent position on the American stage. She is very talented—sings very well, and dances a good Irish jig. Miss Effie already does an excellent jig, and bids fair to become one of the best, if not the best jig dancer in the country—of course, I mean in the female line. Miss Maggie executes a Spanish dance with much grace, and is well up in the Terpsichorean line. Miss Minnie does a very clever performance on the slack wire; and the singing of "Rock me to Sleep, Mother," and "No One to Love," by Miss Effie, is very cleverly done. Our old friend, Oldfield, is Musical Director. The Zouave drill continues to be the great feature of this company, of which Manager Carter may well feel proud.

CIRCUSES.

An equestrian troupe, under the management, we understand, of John Wilson, commenced a short season at the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, on the 13th ult. They were to close on the 20th, when the theatre would remain shut for a couple of days, to give time to remove the ring, etc. This equestrian troupe is probably some of Wilson's South American forces. Wilson recently sold out his circus business to Mr. Lea.

The Amphitheatre, Philadelphia, was re-opened last week, and by a new company, among whom are Tom King, the great leaper; M'lle Virginia, equestrienne; William Smith, L'Eschelle Perileuse, and man monkey; Charles Madigan, John Foster, clown, and others. This week, King will appear in his great leaping act, throwing somersaults over eight horses, and performing other extraordinary feats. The opening took place on the 12th, and the attendance since has been fair.

The Orrin Family were fulfilling an engagement at the Eureka Theatre, San Francisco, Cal. It is a talented little party, and they make a pleasing entertainment.

FOREIGN DRAMATIC AND SHOW NEWS.

LONDON NEWS AND GOSSIP.—Mr. Howard Paul sends us the following items from London, under date of Jan. 24:—The pantomines are now in full swing at most of the London theatres. Drury Lane is doing an immense business with "Goody Two Shoes;" the Strand is crowded nightly to see "Ivanhoe;" the Olympic with "Robin Hood" and Robson, is nightly in a state of fashionable jam, and the Haymarket with Lord Dundreary (now in his second year) and Brough's admirable burlesque, "Rasselas," is constantly thronged from pit to dome.

Mrs. D. P. Bowers, who was a great Philadelphia favorite in the palmy days of the Walnut Street Theatre, is now an equal favorite with the London playgoers. She is engaged for the season at Drury Lane, and makes her *rentree* on Monday next as Maritana in "Don Cæsar de Bazan." Mrs. Bowers was the heroine of the "Peep o' Day," which part she performed uninterruptedly for *three hundred and twenty nights*. I am told there was great rejoicing among the comedians when this play was taken from the bills. I can well believe it. To inhabit the same everlasting costume, and repeat the same words wearily night after night for over a year must be dreary work. How the actors in the "American Cousin" endure the interminable "run," I can't imagine. Buckstone, they say, has addled his brain as Asa Trenchard, and as for Sothern, he must be stark staring mad. *Apropos* of Mrs. Bowers, who, as I said before, *debuts* at Drury Lane, she has just returned from Paris, where she has been making extensive purchases in wardrobe, jewels, and plays, with a view to a tour in America one of these days.

One of the great successes of the season is Robin Hood, at the Olympic. It is by an extremely clever author, Mr. F. C. Barnard, and it is unquestionably the best burlesque that has been produced for years. Miss Lafrance I fear you will find that she is the prettiest woman on the London stage, and as good a burlesque actress as Mrs. John Wood, (whom I remember at the Winter Garden last year,) you can account for the crowds that nightly find their way to Wych street. Mr. Emden, the manager, comprehends public taste, and by a liberal and spirited administration of affairs, keeps up the character of the Olympic as the most charming little theatre in the metropolis. "Camilla's Husband," with Robson and Neville in the principal characters, is also a great success here.

Messrs. Edmund Yates and Harold Power are attracting fashionable audiences at the Egyptian Hall—in the same *salle* that poor Albert Smith entertained the public for so many years. Mr. Yates is an accomplished *raconteur*, and relates his anecdotes with wonderful fluency and a peculiar charm of manner. Mr. Power talks well, sings better, and imitates all of the London actors of celebrity with marked fidelity. They manage to keep the audience amused for two hours, without the aid of scenery, costumes, story, plot, or dramatic combination whatsoever. In these days of blatant music hall vulgarity, it is refreshing to visit an entertainment, the leading characteristics of which are refinement, elegance, and fun of the most whimsical order. Mr. Yates, apart from his merits as a public speaker and lecturer, is the brilliant *feuilletoniste* of half a dozen journals and magazines. His pen is never idle, and he has described everything to be seen in London, from a coronation to a dog fight. The National Concerts, at the St. James Hall, under the management of Mr. Ambroise Austin, have proved a wonderful success. So, also, have the "Monday Pops.," as they are called, the contraction "Pops." meaning Popular Concerts, at the same hall. The *entrepreneur* in this case is Mr. Arthur Chappell, of Bond street, and perhaps the most successful and enterprising of all the London concert-givers. He has lost and won thousands by artists the past sixteen years, and now we find him giving the most successful series of first class concerts that London has enjoyed in this century. It was Mr. Arthur Chappell who took Jullien's band to America in 1853, by which he lost $15,000. If Mr. Chappell is not always lucky, you'll admit he is plucky!

I hear that DION (all the world knows who he is) is not so successful as he hoped to be at his new Theatre Royal, Westminster. There is abundance of time yet. The place is scarcely in working order, and the public have scarcely found him out in his new *locale*. It takes about two years to make the old fogy London public know where a new place of amusement is situated, and there are thousands of humdrum people within a radius of three miles of his new "auditorium," who will live and die in the chronic conviction that "Astley's" is still a circus.

Mr. G. V. Brooke, the tragedian, will most probably visit New York in the month of March. He is at present in Liverpool, and disengaged. The taste here just now is distinctly anti-tragic, and "Othello" and "Richard" must, for a time at least, give way to the creations of the Comic Muse. Brooke, though he has failed to attract as he did some nine years ago, is still a remarkable actor; and if the temper of the New York public tends to tragedy and high-class drama, there is no doubt that G. V. will be a card for Mr. Manager Wheatley.

A *cantatrice* has lately made her mark in London, Miss Rose Hersee, a soprano, with a clear, high voice, of brilliant tone and charming quality. If Miss H. (who is very young and beautiful) studies hard in a good school, you may hear of her one day as a prima donna at the Academy, or of all the world running after her as Norma, or Zerlina, or Amina, or some other light, and captivating operatic heroine.

Miss Lydia Thompson, the *danseuse*, is about to commit matrimony. The fortunate swain is a job-master, or, as you would call him in America, a livery-stable keeper. It is too bad of the dashing Lydia to "flop her affections" on a master of the horse, when lords and men of high degree have knelt at her feet. But there is no outwitting these women's hearts; and after all, perhaps Mr. Naggs, or whatever the gentleman's name may be, will make her a better husband than Lord Tom Noddy, or any other pampered demi-doodle, semi-noodle patrician. Under any circumstances, I hope she will not leave the stage. She is a "gem" in her peculiar line.

Asa Cushman, delineator of American Negro characters, was in Liverpool, waiting for managers to turn up.

A new sensation performance, entitled "La Montana Espirol," is advertised in London by Steve Ethair. It consists of a spiral ascension on a revolving globe, a feat which must be extremely hazardous and difficult of execution.

Miss Ettie Henderson, the little American actress, had been performing to crowded houses at the Theatre Royal, Southampton. Her engagement was to close there Jan. 31, and from thence she would proceed to Devonshire, opening on the 2d Feb. She is shortly to appear at the Royal Standard, London, and introduce her great piece of "Fanchon, the Cricket." The provincial papers speak in high terms of Miss Henderson's performances.

Christy's Minstrels, the Moore and Crocker party, were still in the provinces, and doing well. They had just closed a series of entertainments at Aberdeen, to excellent business.

Wm. Notter, many years boxkeeper to the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, London, died on the 16th ult., in the 65th year of his age.

AMUSEMENTS.

BRYANT'S OPERA HOUSE,
Mechanics' Hall, 472 Broadway, above Grand street.
BRYANT BROTHERS, Proprietors. JOHN SIMPSON, Treas.
WINANS and BUCHANAN, Ushers. A. BOSS, Offices.
SEVENTH YEAR OF THE ORIGINAL WORLD-RENOWNED BRYANTS' MINSTRELS.
THE EXCELSIOR TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
The Company is composed of the following talented Artists:
DAN BRYANT, NEIL BRYANT,
SHER C. CAMPBELL, W. W. NEWCOMB,
DAVE REED, G. W. H. GRIFFIN,
W. L. HOBBS, G. S. FOWLER, J. H. SIVORI,
D. D. EMMETT, J. MORRISON, MAST. BURNS,
ROLLIN HOWARD, FRANK LESLIE, LITTLE MAC.
G. A. CONNERS,
In a new variety of Songs, Dances, Burlesques, Plantation Scenes, &c., &c. For Particulars see bills of the day.
Tickets 25 cents.

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S MINSTRELS,
OPERA HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.
This popular establishment will
COMMENCE THEIR SIXTH REGULAR SEASON
MONDAY EVENING, AUG. 4th,
MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S MINSTRELS,
Consist of the following Gentlemen:
LON MORRIS, N. LOTHIAN,
BILLY MORRIS, R. M. CARROLL,
JOHNNY PELL, J. QUEEN,
J. C. TROWBRIDGE, F. WILMARTH,
E. W. PRESCOTT. R. FREDERICKS,
J. L. GILBERT, J. J. HILLIARD,
J. P. ENDRES, D. J. MAGUINNIS,
AUGUST SCHNEIDER, L. A. ZWISSLER,
D. W. BOARDMAN, JAPANESE TOMMY,
The Management call particular notice to the above unrivalled array of Talent.
Tickets 25 cents; Reserved Seats 50 cents.
39-tf LON MORRIS, Manager.

HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE, BROOKLYN,
Cor. COURT & REMSEN STREETS.
R. M. HOOLEY.....Sole Proprietor.
E. BOWERS.....Director of Amusements.
T. B. PRENDERGAST.....Vocal Director.
Prof. STRAUB.....Instrumental Director.
MONDAY EVENING, JAN. 16, and every night during the week.
PARTICULAR NOTICE!
The Manager has the pleasanre to announce to his patrons and the public in general, that he is making extensive alterations in his Opera House, having had painters, carpenters, and machinists at work during the past four weeks, on new Scenery, Machinery, Property, &c., &c., for the express purpose of bringing out in rapid succession, Mr. E. Bowers' Original Farces, Sketches, Interludes, and Burlesques, together with the works of other eminent authors.
The whole of these elaborate improvements, consisting of an entire new Proscenium, Scenery, Drop Curtain, Orchestra, Private Boxes, Chandeliers, &c., will be presented to the public on
MONDAY EVENING, FEB. 16, 1863,
When will be presented an Original Farce, written by Mr. E. Bowers, called
PETER PIPES;
OR, THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.
Together with an entirely new Programme.
Doors open at 6¾; to commence at 7¾. Tickets 25 cents.
WEDNESDAY EVENING, Feb. 18, Complimentary to Mr. E. BOWERS, when an excellent bill will be produced.

AMERICAN THEATRE, 444 BROADWAY.
444 BROADWAY. 444
The most Popular Place of Amusement in the City.
The greatest combination of talented artists in the World.
ENTHUSIASM UNBOUNDED.
A continued succession of triumphs nightly mark the career of the
EXTRAORDINARY HOST OF ARTISTS
now concentrated at this establishment.
MAMMOTH BILL FOR MONDAY NIGHT.
The whole entertainment so interspersed with varied acts must please any cast of mind.
MAMMOTH COMBINATIONS,
eclipsing all former efforts, and settling at once the question which is that
THE AMERICAN THEATRE
is the greatest institution for amusement in the world.
READ THE LIST OF NAMES.
First appearance of
SIGNOR MONTEVERDE,
the great Spanish contortionist. His wonderful aerial poises pears miraculous.
First week of
M'LLE FLORA, M'LLE FLORA,
the accomplished danseuse.
MISS AUGUSTA WALBY,
the artistic dancer from the Western theatres.
CHARLEY WHITE, CHARLEY WHITE,
The Leader of all Negro Comedians, author of all the successful Ethiopian Farces, Burlesques and Extravaganzas of the day.
TONY PASTOR,
The popular Comic Singer.
SILAS BALDWIN,
The great Indian Juggler and Necromancer.
J. WAMBOLD,
The unequalled Banjoist, unrivalled in his imitation of birds.
T. GETTINGS, T. G. RIGGS,
GEORGE WARREN,
F. SHAW,
MASTER TOMMY,
in their mirth creating Comicalities and Ethiopian Extravaganzas, Songs, Dances, &c.
MADEMOISELLE LOUISE,
the accomplished lady Drummer and Vocalist.
THE GREAT BALLET TROUPE
composed of the most finished dancers.
With other prominent performers.
The finest Orchestra in the City, under the leadership of
Professor FERD. VAN OLKER.
ROBERT W. BUTLER, Proprietor.
MONS. LA THORNE, Stage Manager. 46-tf

"THE PEARL OF THE AMERICAN STAGE,"
MISS LUCILLE WESTERN,
This distinguished artiste whose thrilling and pathetic rendition of
LADY ISABEL AND MADAME VINE,
in her celebrated dramatic version of the novel of
EAST LYNNE,
has been pronounced both by PRESS AND PUBLIC the most marked success of the present day, will appear as follows:
HOLLIDAY STREET THEATRE, BALTIMORE, Monday Eve., Feb. 2.
CHESTNUT STREET THEATRE, PHILADELPHIA, Tuesday Eve., Feb. 3.
HOLLIDAY STREET THEATRE, BALTIMORE, Wednesday Eve., Feb. 4.
CHESTNUT STREET THEATRE, PHILADELPHIA, Thursday, Eve., Feb. 5.
HOLLIDAY STREET THEATRE, BALTIMORE, Friday Eve., Feb. 6.
HOLLIDAY STREET THEATRE, BALTIMORE, Saturday Eve., Feb. 7.
And will appear in the two cities for
FOUR CONSECUTIVE WEEKS,
Alternating her performances as above. On
MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 23d,
She will appear at the
WINTER GARDEN,
In this city. 44-tf

CARD.—Detroit, Feb. 10, 1863.—FRANK QUEEN—*Dear Sir*—I see by a New York Sunday paper that the editor has been informed that manager Bayless, of the Varieties, has failed. I wish to contradict that statement, as I have been treasurer of that establishment since it opened, and know the facts. The salaries and all debts contracted by Mr. Bayless or myself for the Varieties were always promptly paid. The establishment was a complete success in every respect, and the announcement of the proprietor's name for a benefit on the last night, drew the same kind of a house he opened to, when it was filled to its utmost capacity. The reports which have been put in circulation about him were started by parties who have monopolized the show business in Detroit for years previous to the last eight months, and his name has been a terror to them. He has made money while they have lost it. They will hear from him again in the show business. LEVI HUGHES, Late Treasurer of
45-1t* Bayless' Metropolitan Varieties, Detroit.

J. E. McDONOUGH'S
NEW PLAY OF SEVEN SISTERS!
Having concluded a Brilliant Engagement of three weeks in Cincinnati, at Geo. Woods' Theatre, is now performing at Miller's, Columbus. Will appear next at Henderson's, Pittsburg, for three weeks; thence to Louisville, at Geo. Wood's new Theatre; at Indianapolis, April 6th; thence to Cleveland, at Miller's Academy of Music; and McVicker's, Chicago. Last season's newly painted. All business communications and engagements addressed to JOHN HUNTLY, Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, Business Agent for JOHN E. McDONOUGH. 45-4t*

M'LLE MARIETTA RAVEL. This young and beautiful Spanish Danseuse and Tight Rope Artist, now Starring at Mrs. Jane English's Tremont Theatre, Boston, finishes her Engagement on March 9th. Managers wishing to negotiate for her services can apply to her sole Agents, JAS. CONNER & Co., 614¼ Broadway, New York. 45-1t

M'LLE ADA LAURENT, the principal Danseuse from the London and Paris Theatres. Managers wishing to secure the services of the above popular Artist, apply to JAS. CONNER & Co., her sole Agents, 614¼ Broadway, N. Y. ☞ CONNER, late of Varieties, St. Louis; and BAYLESS, late of Varieties, Detroit, forward fees. J. CONNER. 45-1t*

AMUSEMENTS.

OOD'S MINSTREL HALL.
BROADWAY, 514
Opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel.
HENRY WOOD.....Sole Proprietor and Manager.
SUCCESS UNPRECEDENTED.
OVERFLOWING HOUSES.
ONDAY, FEBRUARY 16, and every evening during the week,
WOOD'S MINSTRELS,
IN THEIR CHALLENGE PROGRAMME.
ING THE BLOCKADE, THE DESERTED MINER,
THE ECHO, DEAF AS A POST,
THE TEUTONIC WARBLERS, THE PANAMA RAILROAD,
BIRD HUNTERS, &c., &c., by
HORN, CHARLEY FOX, NELSE SEYMOUR,
WHITE, HENRY, LOCKWOOD,
NN, SCHWICARDI, ISAACS BROTHERS,
ATAGUA, HASLAM, LEIS, LEWIS, &c.
ors open at 6½; commence at 7½ o'clock. Tickets 25 cents.
connection with any other Troupe assuming the name of
's Minstrels. 45-

IBLO'S GARDEN.
Lessee and Manager.....WM. WHEATLEY.
r. Wheatley regrets to announce that this is positively the
week of
THE GREAT TRAGIC ARTIST,
MISS BATEMAN,
ho will appear every evening in the beautiful and thrillingly
tive romantic Drama entitled
LEAH, THE FORSAKEN.
ance of arrangements long since made, Miss Bate-
can only be witnessed in her
SUBLIME IMPERSONATION OF THE HEBREW MAIDEN
FOR SIX NIGHTS LONGER.
The play is presented with
perb and exquisite Scenery by J. H. SELWYN.
inal Music, composed expressly, by ROBERT STOEPEL.
Musical Director.....HARVEY B. DODWORTH.
racteristic Dresses and Appointments,
By MESSRS. PHILLIPE and S. WALLIS.
AH, the Jewess.....MISS BATEMAN.
nd an unrivalled cast, embracing the names of J. W. Wallack,
Edwin Adams, Pearsop, Lanergan, Lamb, Andrews, Wilson,
dames Chanfrau, Skerrett, and the admirable Chorus.
oors open at 7, to commence a quarter before 8 o'clock. 45-

AURA KEENE'S THEATRE.
Lessee and Manageress.....MISS LAURA KEENE.
eventh Week of the highly successful Engagement of
MRS. JOHN WOOD,
QUEEN OF COMEDY AND SONG.
THE NEW EXTRAVAGANZA
Is nightly hailed with
Demonstrations of Delight.
Houses Crowded from Parquette to Dome.
MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 16,
FAIR ONE WITH THE GOLDEN LOCKS,
S. JOHN WOOD as Queen Lucidora.
MRS. JONN WOOD as Page Pitchin.
MRS. JOHN WOOD as A Jew Peddler,
ing the first time this arduous character has been represented
by a Female Artiste.)
MR. WALCOT, Sen., as KING LACHROMOSO.
THE ARAB GIANT, as THE GREAT GALIFRON,
plendid new Scenery by MINARD LEWIS.
New Selections of Music, by THOMAS BAKER.
n Unequalled Cast of Characters,
To commence with the Comedietta of.
BLUE DEVILS. 45-

EW BOWERY THEATRE.
Sole Proprietor.....MR. J. W. LINGARD.
MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 16,
Engagement, for a limited number of nights, of that popular
oung American Tragedian,
MR. G. C. BONIFACE.
G. C. BONIFACE. G. C. BONIFACE.
The immense French Drama of the
IDIOT OF THE MOUNTAIN,
With all its Stupendous Machinery, &c., &c.
R. G. C. BONIFACE, in his original character of the...IDIOT.
RS. W. G. JONES, as.....Jeanne.
ROOKS, as.....Bandier.
The nautical drama of
YANKEE JACK.
R. G. C. BONIFACE, as.....Yankee Jack.
The Comic Pantomime of
KIM-KA, 45-

CONTINENTAL THEATRE, PHILADELPHIA,
Walnut Street, above Eighth,
Sole Lessee and Proprietor.....FRED. AIMS.
THE MAMMOTH MUSIC HALL OF THE WORLD.
THE LARGEST AND MOST ARTISTIC COMPANY IN AMERICA.
M'LLE HELENE,
The Premiere Danseuse of the age.
The Great Ethiopian Trio
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And the Famous Court of Beauty,
THE GREAT CONTINENTAL CORPS DE BALLET.

ADMISSION,

Parquet.....	25 cts.	Seats in Private Boxes...	50 cts.
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Doors open at quarter before 7 o'clock.
Performance will commence at 8.
Artists of known ability, desiring engagements, will please address as above. 40-tf

HART & SIMMONS'S
STAR TROUPE OF MINSTRELS,
CONSISTING OF EIGHTEEN PERFORMERS,
WHO STAND WITHOUT A RIVAL.
"Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, endeavor to deserve it."
The care exercised in the selection of every Artist, is a guarantee to the public that every one engaged is a STAR.
UNPRECEDENTED COMBINATION OF ARTISTS.
CONSOLIDATION IN REALITY
OF
TWO COMPANIES.
THE MODEL ORGANIZATION OF THE WORLD,
Are now on a tour through the State of New York, on their way West. During the past week they have appeared to immense audiences, who have pronounced their performances truly humorous and side splitting; their language and actions of such a character that none, however fastidious, can possibly be offended, bespeaking Actors of the highest tone and perception.
THEIR SONGS, MELODIES, INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC,
AND DANCING,
Forming one of the most pleasing Entertainments ever offered, led by
BOB HART, the Quintessence of Fun,
and
LEW SIMMONS, the Unrivalled Banjoist.

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THE MODEL TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
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RUMSEY'S MINSTRELS!
Composed of the following Talented Artists:—
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This Troupe are now on a Tour, and will visit the principal cities throughout the East and West.
The best Quartette,
The best Comedians,
In the Minstrel Profession.
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MORNINGSTAR'S EXCELSIOR
CAMPBELL MINSTRELS.
This Superb Troupe of Ethiopian Melodists are now performing with Unbounded Success, at the Masonic Temple, Louisville, Ky. Judges of Negro Minstrelsy pronounce this Company well deserving the name of CAMPBELLS.
The following well known gentlemen comprise this Excelsior organization:—

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THE ONLY
LEGITIMATE ETHIOPIAN THEATRE IN THIS COUNTRY.
SAMUEL S. SANFORD, Proprietor.
SANFORD'S TROUPE,
THE ONLY
DRAMATIC, OPERATIC, AND PANTOMIME COMPANY IN THE WORLD,
SANFORD being the only successor of the late
T. D. RICE,
Sustaining his Role of Characters. Possessing manuscripts of his Plays, he has the advantage of all other
MINSTREL TROUPES,
In presenting more variety, thus enabling him to maintain a strong position in all the cities and towns he may visit with his
GREAT TROUPE OF STARS.
Due notice will be given of route of Spring and Summer of 1863.
See CLIPPER. 44-1t

JUST FROM NEW ORLEANS
AND THE ISLAND OF CUBA.
CROWNED WITH UNPARALLELED SUCCESS.
MAKE WAY FOR
THE GIGANTIC LEADING MINSTREL TROUPE OF THE PROFESSION.
MAMMOTH ORGANIZATION AND BRASS BAND.
Return of the far-famed and world wide renowned
DUPREZ & GREEN'S
ORIGINAL NEW ORLEANS & METROPOLITAN
BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE AND BRASS BAND,
From their late tour to New Orleans and through the Island of Cuba, where they met with unlimited success and were received nightly with roars of laughter and shouts of applause.
Stage Manager.....J. E. GREEN.
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The company is composed of the following eighteen Artistic and Brilliant
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Being the Greatest Combination of Talent ever concentrated in one Company, excelling and far superior to all other Traveling Troupes in existence.
The whole under the control and direction of
DUPREZ & GREEN, Sole Proprietors.
The above popular Troupe will, during the remainder of the season, visit the Western and Eastern States, also the Canadas.
GRAND BALCONY SERENADES,
Each evening previous to opening the Doors,
BY THE UNEQUALLED
NEW ORLEANS AND METROPOLITAN BRASS BAND,
OF TEN PIECES.
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CONCERT HALL,
HELENA, ARK.
SMITH, MURPHY & FREEBERTHYSER, Proprietors.
Entertainments every Evening,
BY THE
SABLE HARMONISTS,
Comprising the following talented Ethiopian Artists
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In conjunction with
LA BELLE LOUISE,
The charming Danseuse and Vocalist,
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MDLLE THEODORA,
The fascinating Prima Danseuse.
Artists of recognised merit, wishing engagements, will apply to J. B. MURPHY, Helena, Ark.
Higher Salaries paid than by any Management in the country. 40-tf

CANTERBURY HALL,
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LIBERTY HALL, ALEXANDRIA, VA.
THE CANTERBURY
Is the
MOST MAGNIFICENT
MUSIC HALL IN AMERICA,
None but the
VERY FIRST TALENT
WILL BE ENGAGED
at this
BEAUTIFUL TEMPLE.
Ladies and Gentlemen of known ability always wanted.
Address to
GEO. PERCIVAL, Business Manager,
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METROPOLITAN THEATRE,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
CHARLES TIBBETTS.....Lessee and Manager.
This Theatre is now open for the Fall and Winter Season, with the finest Company ever in California.
JULIA DEAN HAYNE,

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E. THAYER,	H. BROWN,

With a Numerous Corps of Auxiliaries.
PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Dress Circle.....	$1.00	Orchestra Seats	$1.00
Parquet.....	50 cts	Gallery	25 cts

Private Boxes.....10 and 5 dollars.
Stars intending to visit California will find it to their interests to address as above. 40-26t

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WHEELING, VA.,
The only Room in the City suitable for
CONCERTS, THEATRICAL AND MINSTREL PERFORMANCES,
Situated in the heart of the City,
CORNER OF MARKET AND MONROE STREETS,
Immediately opposite the McLure House,
Easy of Access,
and Unsurpassed for Strength in the United States.
The Room is 104 feet long by 54 feet wide, 24 feet ceiling, including a Stage 28 by 30 feet, with four Dressing Rooms, and Scenery; Brilliantly Lighted and furnished with Arm Chairs.
☞ Let on accommodating terms.
40-tf Washington Hall Building, Wheeling, Va.

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ALBERT HAMBLIN & CO.....Proprietors.
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OPENED FOR THE SEASON,
WITH A
FIRST CLASS COMPANY.
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VERY SUPERIOR ENTERTAINMENTS,
Embracing Pantomimes, Ballets, Ethiopean Acts, Singing, Dancing, &c., &c., will be given.
First class artists desiring engagements may address
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This truly elegant and very beautiful theatre is kept open during the whole of the year.
AMERICAN STARS,
of acknowledged position and talent negotiated with, for long or short engagements, as mutual interests may require.
Address, ALEX. HENDERSON,
45tf Sole Lessee and Proprietor.

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This long established and popular place of Amusement continues under the same Management that for 13 years of assiduous attention to the comfort and convenience of its patrons, has won for it the reputation of being one of the most popular and best conducted places of Amusement in the State.
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LARGEST AND MOST TALENTED COMPANY IN THE CITY.
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Containing Eight of his latest Songs,
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Wholesale Dealers can be supplied at a liberal discount.
For sale at 444 Broadway, N. Y. 44-2t*

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BRASS BAND,
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THE MONITORS OF MINSTRELSY,
Are now returning from the
MOST SUCCESSFUL CAMPAIGN
Ever made in the Eastern States, and will visit the scenes of
THEIR FORMER TRIUMPHS,
In the Empire State, en-route
TO THE GREAT WEST,
Where they will appear during the present season,
INTRODUCING
THEIR GREAT CHALLENGE PROGRAMME,
As performed only by these
AUTOCRATS OF ETHIOPIA,
THE MAMMOTH TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
In the ranks of this
ARMY OF ARTISTS
will be found
Five Original Comedians,
Nine Musicians,
Four Solo Singers,
Five Dancers,
And a host of Auxiliaries, to give due effect to their
ORIGINAL BURLESQUES.
The Best Quartet,
The Best Instrumentalists,
The Best Delineators, and
The Best Orchestra,
EVER KNOWN IN MINSTRELSY.
THE SUBSTANTIAL ETHIOPIAN CONFEDERACY,
ALL IRON CLADS.
The Largest Halls in the Country
Are too small to accommodate
THE VAST CROWDS
Who flock to see
THE GREAT ORIGINALS.
The most Stupendous
Ethiopian Organization
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THE MAMMOTH ADVERTISING
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POPULAR TROUPE
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in the
ANNALS OF BURNT CORK,
And caused our rivals to
STAND AGHAST!
HUGE BILL-BOARDS
have to be
CONSTRUCTED
To Display
The Twenty-five
PICTORIAL POSTERS
That announce
The Advent of
THESE SABLE STARS,
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Leader of Brass Band.
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Tickets, 25 cents. Reserved Seats, 50 cents.
42- SAM SHARPLEY, Manager and Proprietor.

VARIETIES THEATRE,
LATE ST. LOUIS OPERA HOUSE,
After a most successful season of over Eleven months, is now open with the following Company:

MISS LOUISA WELLS,	MISS CLARA BUTLER,	
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MLLE ADA LAURENT,	MLLE JULIETTE,	
MISS JOHANNA CLIFFORD,	MISS FLORENCE WELLS,	
MISS LIDA HIBBARD,	MLLE FLORA,	
MLLE LOUISE WALBY,		
EDWARD BERRY,	WM. M. REEVE.	T. H. JEFFERSON,
TOM CONY,	GEO. P. JAQUES,	NICK FOSTER,
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A LARGE BALLET TROUPE.
Ballet Master.....SIGNOR CONSTANTINE,
Leader of Orchestra.....B. VOGEL.
Scenic Artist.....THOS. NOXON.
Costumer.....HERR OHMAN.
GEO. J. DEAGLE, Lessee.
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These, with many minor members constitute
A MONSTER COMPANY,
Who are nightly drawing crowded houses to witness their
CHASTE AND BRILLIANT PERFORMANCES.
THE VARIETIES
IS THE LARGEST, HANDSOMEST, BEST APPOINTED,
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MUSIC HALL IN THE COUNTRY.
Parties of acknowledged excellence desiring engagements, may Address GEO. J. DEAGLE, Varieties Theatre,
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MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
THOMAS MAGUIRE.....Proprietor and Manager.
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Fifth Week of the
ITALIAN OPERA TROUPE.

SIGNORA BIANCHI,	SIGNOR BIANCHI,
MAD. AGATHA STATES,	MISS LIZZIE PARKER,
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And the Celebrated German Chorus, consisting of 29 voices.
PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Dress Circle.....	$1	Orchestra Seats.....	$1
Parquet.....	50 cts	Second Circle.....	25 cts

Private Boxes....$5 and $10.
Box Office open from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. Seats secured three days in advance.
Stars visiting California should remember that Mr. Maguire is also proprietor of Hayes' Park, San Francisco; the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, Sacramento and Marysville. 36-tf

THE LARGEST
SHOW BILL PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD!
CLARRY & REILLEY,
(Successors to John E. Bacon,)
PRINTERS AND ENGRAVERS,
12 and 14 Spruce Street, New York,
Pay particular attention to getting up all kinds of
FANCY SHOW BILLS
For travelling companies, and have on hand a large and splendid assortment of large and small
WOOD CUTS
Suitable for Circusses, Menageries, Ethiopian Performers, Gymnasts, Magicians, &c., &c., which can be printed in one or more colors, to suit customers.
☞ A deposit required on all work ordered.
All orders addressed to "CLARRY & REILLEY," Bacon Printing and Engraving establishment, 12 and 14 Spruce street, New York, will be promptly attended to. 41tf

CALIFORNIA THEATRICAL AGENCY.—SHERIDAN CORBYN would respectfully inform members of the dramatic, Musical, or Equestrian professions, that he has established an Agency in San Francisco, and is prepared to negotiate engagements and transact all other business pertaining to the profession. Address SHERIDAN CORBYN, San Francisco, Cal.
N. B.—All letters requiring answers must contain a stamp to pre-pay the same. 46-6m

PLAY BOOKS, PHOTOGRAPHS of KATE BATEMAN, also, as Leah; Maggie Mitchell, Lucille Western, Laura Keene, Caroline Richings, Mrs. John Wood, also in character; A. I. Menken, as French Spy and Mazeppa; Susan Denin, Kate Denin, Isabella Cubas, Fanny Brown, also in character; Webb Sisters, Lavinia Warren, Tom. Thumb, Mr. and Mrs. B. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Florence, E. Forrest, E. Booth, J. W. Wallack, Jr., Wilkes Booth, Ed. Adams, Lester Wallack, and hundreds of others. 25 cents each, or five for $1. Sent to any address on receipt of price. Catalogues sent on receipt of postage stamp, by
45 W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, New York.

MADAME MARIE MACART, the Celebrated PREMIERE EQUESTRIAN ACTRESS and PANTOMIMIST, who created such a sensation, and achieved unequalled fame in the States a few years since, having fulfilled a series of protracted engagements (with great success,) will shortly re-visit the scenes of her former triumphs in company with Mr. James Cook, the renowned Hibernian Clown, from Astley's, London, and Mr. George Clark, the celebrated Grotesque, from Hengler's Cirque, Liverpool.
MADAME MACART respectfully intimates that she has a repertoire of New and Beautiful Scenes and Acts, adapted for either Ring or Stage, which are well worthy the attention of a discriminating public. Due notice of their arrival will be given. All communications to be addressed to the Pacific Hotel, New York. 43-tf

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.
JOHN ELLSLER.....Proprietor and Manager.
This is the largest, most comfortable, beautiful, and altogether the most popular theatre in this city. It is for RENT, BY THE NIGHT OR WEEK, from the present date, January 10, or Troupes can exhibit in it on sharing terms. All applications to be made to the above manager, at Columbus, Ohio, to the 1st of April, next. 40-tf

CARD.—The undersigned, having noticed in the Philadelphia *Mercury*, and other papers of last week, an advertisement bearing his name, (such advertisement being no doubt issued by some malicious scamp for dishonest purposes), takes this method of repudiating the forgery.
For a year past I have not been connected in any way, directly or indirectly, with any place of amusement in Philadelphia; the only place of which I am proprietor being the AMERICAN MUSIC HALL, 444 Broadway, N. Y., which a generous public have assisted me in keeping open for the past four years, while every other place of the kind was compelled to close.
Those bogus managers, agents, etc., have taken refuge in Philadelphia, where they now recommence the same course that drove them from New York, viz.: the publication of false cards, dishonesty and forgery, coupled with immoral exhibitions, which recently compelled our State Legislature to enact laws for their entire suppression.
To return good for a puerile attempt at evil, I would teach those runaway agents, above alluded to, the secret of my success. It is this: an upright and honest principle in management, and a cash down, square-dealing method in business. As this may be as opposite to their principles as it is foreign to their natures, I leave them to the public, from whom chicanery and forgery, sooner or later, find their reward, as those parties above alluded to have already found out in New York.
43-tf ROBERT W. BUTLER, 444 Broadway, N. Y.

MISS CAROLINE RICHINGS,
AND
MR. PETER RICHINGS,
Having played very successful engagements at
FORD'S THEATRE, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
and
MRS. DREW'S, ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA,
Will commence an engagement at
NIBLO'S GARDEN,
On MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 23, 1863,
when will be produced for the first time in New York, their great Spectacle (Operatic and Dramatic) entitled,
SATANELLA.
39-tf A. S. PENNOYER, Agent.

BROADWAY MENAGERIE.
600 BROADWAY.
L. B. LENT.....Manager.
Open daily from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M., with the most splendid collection of
LIVING WILD ANIMALS IN AMERICA.
THREE PERFORMANCES DAILY,
At 11½ A. M., 3 and 8½ P. M., by
PERFORMING ELEPHANTS, PONIES, MONKEYS, & MULES.
Admission 25 cts.; Children under 10, 15 cts. 45-

BROOKLYN ARENA,
RAYMOND STREET,
BETWEEN FULTON AND DE KALB AVENUES.
EVERY EVENING DURING THE WEEK, AND ON
WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AFTERNOONS,
Superb Horsemanship by all the great riders,
Athletic Feats by the Delavanti Brothers, &c., &c.
Dress Circle, 25 cts. Children 15 cts. Gallery 15 cts. 40-tf

GROVER'S THEATRE, WASHINGTON.
MR. AND MRS.
BARNEY WILLIAMS,
The Original
IRISH BOY and YANKEE GIRL,
are now in the fourth week of the most
UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESSFUL ENGAGEMENT
ever fulfilled in the
CITY OF WASHINGTON,
Turning hundreds from the doors nightly unable to obtain admission. 44-tf

NOW OPEN at Smith & Ditson's Hall,
CINCINNATI,
GOODWIN & WILDER'S
GIGANTIC POLYMORAMA OF THE WAR.
The only legitimate exhibition of the War now travelling, forming a complete epitome of all the thrilling incidents and events connected with the
GREAT REBELLION,
Its route through the Western Cities has, thus far, been a GRAND TRIUMPHAL MARCH, exhibiting nightly to HOUSES CROWDED TO OVERFLOWING, 43-tf

PEOPLE'S HALL, NEWBURGH, N. Y.—This Hall is now open for the accommodation of
FIRST CLASS TRAVELING COMPANIES,
Has Stage, Dressing Rooms, and all the modern improvements necessary for a First Class Hall. Will seat comfortably one thousand persons. For terms, &c., apply to J. M. MARTIN,
44-13t* People's Hall, Newburgh, N. Y.

FOX'S CASINO,
CHESTNUT STREET, ABOVE SIXTH, PHILADELPHIA.
Under the Management of R. FOX, late of CANTERBURY HALL, New York.
The above commodious Place of Amusement is now open and doing a first rate business.
Performers of acknowledged ability can meet with good engagements by applying as above.
52-tf CHRIS NORRIS, Treasurer.

ATHENEUM THEATRE,
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JOHN ELLSLER.....Manager and Proprietor.
Opens on the 12th inst., for a season of three months, with the Dramatic Company from the Academy of Music, Cleveland. Stars wishing nights will please address JOHN A. ELLSLER, JR.,
40-tf Columbus, Ohio.
WANTED IMMEDIATELY—An attractive Female Dancer, if possible, one that can act and sing, for the season, for the Columbus and Cleveland, Ohio, Theatres. The season is from date to middle of July next.

FOR SALE.—To Showmen and others interested: The Privilege to run the CANDY STAND inside and outside of Wheeler's International Circus and Modern Arena. Said Stand has the Right of Sale of all Refreshments, also of Tickets and Song Books. Also For Sale, the First Right to SIDE SHOW. Said Circus will start from Boston on or about the 25th of April next. For terms apply to GOODWIN & WILDER,
Cincinnati, Ohio,
Or WM. G. CROMBIE, No. 1 Warren square, Boston, Mass.
N. B.—None need apply unless they have the cash to pay in advance, and to those we will sell very low. 44-tf

MUSARD HALL, OSWEGO, N. Y.—This new, large, and commodious hall is now finished and ready for use. It has all modern improvements for lighting, heating, and ventilation. The Stage is large, and conveniently arranged for Theatrical, Concert, or Lecture purposes. As a concert room, it cannot be excelled. Address JOHN A. BARRY,
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LEA'S MELODEON, BALTIMORE, MD.—This house is the only Concert Room open in Baltimore, and is carried on by GEORGE LEA, formerly
PROPRIETOR OF THE NEW YORK MELODEON.
Performers of talent wishing engagements will address as above. Open every night except Sunday, and "No Matinees."
N. B.—TWENTY FIVE YOUNG LADIES wanted for the ballet. Those that can dance single dances preferred. 40-tf

MASONIC TEMPLE, LOUISVILLE, KY.—This Hall is now open for the accommodation of FIRST CLASS TRAVELING COMPANIES; has Stage, Dressing Rooms, and all the modern improvements necessary for a First Class Hall. Will seat comfortably 1200 persons. For terms, &c., apply to
ROBERT C. MATHEWS,
Agent Masonic Temple,
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SEVENTH MONTH OF THE SEASON.
CONTINUED SUCCESS.
WANTED, IMMEDIATELY, A DOUBLE COMPANY of Ladies and Gentlemen of acknowledged ability in the Concert Business.
N.B.—NONE BUT FIRST CLASS ARTISTS need address
44-2t* W. C. SMYTHE, Sole Lessee and Manager.

PITTSBURGH THEATRE.
The Spring Season opens March 2d. Ladies and gentlemen wishing engagements will address
WM. HENDERSON, Manager.
All the prominent stars appear here in rapid succession. [43-4t

NEW MEMPHIS THEATRE.
GEO. RAYFIELD.....Lessee and Manager.
The Spring Season at this Theatre commences on APRIL 16, 1863, after the most successful Fall Season ever known in Memphis.
Ladies and Gentlemen of the Profession desirous of Engagements, will address B. R. MAGINLEY,
45-tf Acting and Stage Manager, Box 410.

EMMA WALLER, The Eminent Tragic Actress, played 12 nights in Chicago, to crowded houses; opened in Louisville, Feb. 9th, and will commence an Engagement in Columbus, Ohio, Feb. 23d. W. COWELL, Agent. 45-2t*

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THE DAYS WE WORE NO CRINOLINE.

AIR—"*The Days when we Went Gypsying.*"

Oh! the days we wore no crinoline,
A long time ago;
When we along the streets could walk
In comfort with each beau.
Ere hoops and springs, and such like things,
On ladies' forms were seen;
Ere fathers raved and husbands stormed
About the crinoline.
Ere wicked wags, with cruel jokes,
Could cause us care and woe;
In the days we wore no crinoline,
A long time ago.

Our hearts were light, we felt no fright
Through crowds to wend our way;
But now we're jammed and knocked about
Where'er we chance to stray.
With our friends we then could sail in boats,
On streamlets bright and fair,
But now our dresses are so large
There is no place to spare.
And then we hear the rascals say,
"It was not always so,
In the days they wore no crinoline,
A long time ago."

We then could pass each country lass
Without a single sneer;
But now by fashion we're compelled
These horrid hoops to wear.
Then lovers came with joyous hearts
Our cavaliers to be;
To lead us up and down the town,
The things and sights to see.
But now they laugh and run away;
It was not always so—
In the days we wore no crinoline,
A long time ago.

If common sense should ever reign
O'er fashion's changing scene,
We then may dress as once we did,
And imitate a queen.
The men, also, they must adopt
A more becoming mien;
And if they will not lead the way,
Farewell to crinoline.
Then we no more shall weep and say
It was not always so,
In the days we wore no crinoline,
A long time ago.

OLD ENGLAND'S SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

In an account of London, written about 1174 (Richard Cœur de Lion), we have a description of the impenetrable forests (the present Marylebone) to the north of London, and of "a pleasant place called Smythefields, without one of the citie gates, and even in the very suburbs. Here there is a celebrated rendezvous of fine horses to be sold. Thither come earls, barons, knights, and a swarm of citizens. 'Tis a pleasant sight to behold the ambling nags so smoothly moving by raising and putting down alternately the two side feet together." From this it is evident that our ancestors broke in their horses to pacing, now witnessed only in America. We find that in former times great complaints were made that the dealers in Smithfield, among other things, contrived to make the horses swallow live eels or snakes, their action in the bellies of the horses making them appear lively and frisky. The horse races in Smithfield are thus described (1174). But "on Shrove Tuesday the boys of all the schools (of London) bring to their masters each one his fighting-cock, and they are indulged all the morning with seeing their cocks fight in the schoolroom. After this all the boys go into Smithfield or Moorfield, in the suburbs, and address themselves to the famous game of football. The scholars of each school have their peculiar ball, and the particular trades have most of them theirs. The elders of the city, and the fathers, and the rich and the wealthy, do come on horseback to see the exercise of the youth. Every Sunday in Lent a noble train of young men take the field after dinner, well mounted. The lay sons of the citizens rush out of the gates in shoals, armed with lances and shields; the younger sort with javelins pointed, but disarmed of their steel. They ape the feats of war, and act the sham fight. If the king happens to be near the city, many courtiers honor them with their presence, together with the juvenile parts of the household of the earls, barons, and bishops. At Easter the diversion is on the water. A target is strongly fastened to a mast fixed in the middle of the river, and a youngster, standing upright in the stern of a boat, made to move as strong as the oars and current can carry it, is to strike the target with his lance, and if, in hitting it, he break his lance, and keep his place in the boat, he gains his point; but if it happen that the lance is not shivered by the force of the blow, he is, of course, tumbled into the water, and away goes his vessel without him. However, a couple of boats full of young men are placed on each side of the target, ready to pick him up the moment he comes to the surface. The bridge and the balconies on the banks are filled with spectators, whose business it is to laugh. On holidays, the pastime of the youth is to exercise themselves in archery, running, leaping, wrestling, casting of stones, flinging to certain distances, and, lastly, with bucklers. The maidens, as soon as the moon rises, dance to the guitar. In the winter holidays the youth are entertained with boars fighting to the last gasp, and likewise with hogs, full tusked, or game bulls, and bears of large bulk are baited with dogs. And when that vast lake which waters London to the north, Fens-bury (Finsbury) is hard frozen, the youth in great numbers go to divert themselves on the ice. Some will make a large cake of ice, and, seating one of their companions upon it, they take hold of one another's hands, and draw him along. Sometimes they do all fall down headlong. Others place the leg-bones of animals under their feet, by tying them round their ankles, and then, taking a pole shod with iron into their hands, they push themselves forward, and are carried with a velocity equal to the flight of a bird, or a bolt discharged from a cross-bow. Sometimes two of them start opposite to each other at a great distance. They meet, elevate their poles, attack, and strike each other, when one or both of them fall; and even after their fall, they shall be carried a good distance from each other by the rapidity of the motion. Many of the citizens take great delight in fowling with merlins, hawks, and such like, and likewise in hunting, and they have a right and privilege of hunting in Middlesex, Hertfordshire, and all the Chiltern country, and in Kent as far as the river Cray."

Such were the sports of our stout ancestors in London, in the days of Cœur de Lion, nearly seven hundred years ago. Our ancestors, however, were a sad set of savages; for, shortly after, we find a mob rushing into the tower, and dragging out the Archbishop of Canterbury, and murdering him on Tower-hill. "There lay his body unburied all that Friday, and the morrow till the afternoone, none daring to deliver his body to the sepulture. His head these wicked tooke, and nayling thereon his hoode, they fix it on a pole, and set it on London bridge." So poor also were our ancestors about this period, that we find Henry III. commanding the sheriffs to pay him fourpence a day for the keep of a Norway bear, which he had received as a present; "and he also commanded them to provide a muzzle for the said bear, and an iron chain to hold him out of the water, and likewise a long and stout cord to hold him whilst fishing in the River Thames. Two years after, he ordered the sheriffs to erect a house forty feet long by twenty feet wide, for the reception of an elephant which had been sent to him by Lewis, King of France." Of this huge beast, the first seen in England, great complaints were made by our simple ancestors, the sheriffs representing that "verily this monstrous beast from Ind does consume marvellously the provisions, eating up the substance of many worshipful gentlemen, and it does sorely distress his Majesty's loyal servants. We do humbly wish we were well rid of it, so please Providence, and be it his Majesty's pleasure." The bear supported itself by fishing in the Thames, which at that period, was redundant of large fish, and particularly of salmon. The practice of "carting" in the city, we trace to the year 1383, the seventh of Richard II. "The citizens of London first imprisoned such women as were taken in fornication or adultery, in the Tunn prison, in Cornhill, and after caused them to be brought forth in the sight of the world. They caused their heads to be shaven after the manner of thieves, and so to be led about the city, with trumpets and pipes sounding before them, that their persons might be more largely known. Neither did they spare the men." In November, 1552 (Elizabeth), we find, by the records of the Court of Aldermen, "It was this daye orderyed and agryed that Sir Thomas Sowdeley, who did not deny, but playnly confess, this day, in full Corte, that he hathe kept, and viciously and carnally used, an harlot in his house a long tyme, namynge her to be his wyfe, shall to-morrow be carried about the citie in a carte, with a ray hode on his head, a whyte rode in his hande, and basonnes and pannes ringing before hym, according to the laur and anciente customs of this good cytie, in such case made, provyded, and used." So strong was the antipathy against acting, as to women, that, in 1632, Prynne denounced all female actors under the words, "women actors notorious w—es." But shortly *after* the queen acted in a private Pastoral, and the passage being thought applicable to her Majesty, the author was severely punished. But while these "cartings" were practiced for sexual guilt, ladies and gentlemen deemed it no great disgrace to be drunk. James I. gave a most splendid entertainment to Christian IV. of Denmark, his wife's brother. Sir J. Harrington says, "We had women and wine too, of such plenty as would have astonished a sober beholder. Our toasts were magnificent, and our two royal guests did most lovingly embrace each other at table. I think the Dane has wrought on our good English nobles, for they do wallow in beastly delight. The ladies do abandon their sobriety, and do roll about in intoxication. A great feast was held, and after dinner was represented the Queen of Sheba. The lady (Salisbury), who did play the Queen, did carry most precious gifts to both their Majesties, but overset the caskets into his Danish Majesty's lap, and fell in his face. Much was the confusion, but napkins were at hand to make all clean. His Majesty then got up, and would dance with the Queen of Sheba, but he fell down, and was carried to an inner chamber, and laid on a bed of state, which was not a little defiled. The show went forward, and most of the presenters went backwards, or fell down, wine did so occupy their upper chambers." Such was a court entertainment in those days; and the king and queen rolling on the floor tipsy was no uncommon sight.

DRAMATIC AND OTHER SKETCHES.

NEW SERIES.—NUMBER FORTY-FOUR.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

HARVEY LEACH.

Familiarly known as "Hervio Nano, the Man Monkey and Gnome Fly." Born in Connecticut, March, 1804; made his first appearance on the American stage, March 20, 1840, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, as Alnain, in "King of the Gnomes." Died in London, April 16, 1847, bequeathing his singular body to a celebrated surgeon for dissection, and the following striking facts were afterwards stated by the operator: "The head was remarkably fine in form, and the expression intelligent and benign; when standing, the arms could reach the ground easily, so as to be employed in progression or leaping; in the place of legs, there were two limbs, the left about eighteen inches from the hip to the point of the toes, the right about twenty-four from the same points. It seemed as though the thigh bones and muscles had disappeared, and the knee joints had been raised up to the hips; the bone on the one side was tolerably like a leg-bone, on the other it was compressed into an immensely strong bone of triangular form, with the base upwards, and knit to the hip with very strong ligaments. These limbs were furnished with the muscles which should have belonged to the thigh, and those of the leg were much increased in size. Nearly double power must have been obtained over the feet by this arrangement; and this would account for his extraordinary feats of leaping, such as following a horse at full speed on the hands and feet, and suddenly springing on its back like a monkey, or jumping ten feet in the air. His feats of strength in his monkey characters are well known.

MRS. ELIZA MILLS

From the Theatre Royal, Manchester; made her *debut* in Philadelphia, Dec. 3, 1806, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, as Rosina, in the opera of that name. She gave no extraordinary interest to the part. Her person was not remarkably fitted for it, and her songs did not rise above mediocrity; they did not, however, sink below it. Her speaking voice was pleasing; her acting much better than singers usually display; and, on the whole, she was, if not a splendid, a useful addition to the company. Died suddenly in the insane department of the Blockley Almshouse, Philadelphia, June 15, 1857.

JOHN POLLARD MORETON.

His right name was Pollard—Moreton being an assumed one. Born near Saratoga, N. Y. When quite young he was taken to England, and placed in a counting-house, and from thence he went to India. He soon became cashier of the Calcutta Bank, having received his education in England. While in Calcutta, he formed a dramatic association, and became a member of it, going on the boards himself. But for some unpardonable error he was obliged to resign his position in the bank, and in 1793 returned to England. At this time Wignell found him, and engaged him for the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. Arrived in America in 1793; but owing to the yellow fever, the company went to Annapolis, Md., where he made his *debut* on the American stage; first appeared in Philadelphia in 1794, at the Chestnut.

Died of consumption in Philadelphia, April 2, 1798. The theatre was closed three days as a tribute of respect to his memory. His *debut* in New York was in 1797, with the Chestnut Street Theatre Company, at the Greenwich Street Theatre, as Jaffier, in "Venice Preserved," in which character he made a great hit.

H. H. ROWBOTHAM.

Born in Bath, Somersetshire, Eng. Made his *debut* on the English stage, June 17, 1819, at the English Opera House, London, as Baron Toraldi, in "The Devil's Bridge."

His first appearance in the United States, was May 13, 1828, as Dumont, in "Jane Shore," at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. Was joint manager with Maywood, of the Chestnut. Died in Philadelphia, Feb. 14, 1837. Few actors have left behind them a name more universally respected.

WILLIAM H. SCOVILLE.

This celebrated personator of Yankee characters, made his first appearance in Philadelphia, Feb. 15, 1853, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, as Jonathan Ploughboy, in "Forest Rose." Died in Guttenburg, Iowa, Nov. 2, 1858, of a wound received at the hands of John W. Dunham, a young actor in his employ. A dispute arose in consequence of a misunderstanding, which ended in the death of this popular manager and much esteemed man.

BATTLE WITH A SNAKE.

PIGS, PEACOCKS, PECCARIES, AND PINTADOES VS. SNAKES.

Mr. Hayes, a Government official in India, had a very tame Viverra Ichneumon, which he one day caused to be shut up in a room with a cobra di capello. No sooner did the little creature perceive the snake than it rushed at it with rage, and seizing it by the head, shook it violently. The snake meanwhile had inflated his hood, which as is well known, bears a mark resembling a pair of spectacles. The conflict lasted a considerable time, and towards the end it became necessary to poke the snake with a bamboo in order to excite it against its enemy. It soon became unable to move, its head being terribly torn, and it evidently could not live much longer. Meanwhile the viverra was still much excited, its hair being bristled up; it often rubbed its nose against various parts of its body where it had probably been bitten. The door of the room being opened the viverra rushed out to a little plot of couch-grass, where it rolled about for some time. It then went to sleep, and did not seem to have suffered anything but fatigue from the conflict. The plot was examined repeatedly with care, but no other plant but couch-grass was found to grow there. Mr. Hayes thinks that the viverra, besides being protected by its thick fur, must exude a kind of oil or fatty substance from its skin, whereby the poison is prevented from producing its effect; but as to its eating any particular kind of grass as a cure, this popular belief seems utterly unfounded.

In America, the common pig, and the peccary, a pdchydermatous animal, very like the former, are well known enemies to the rattlesnake, which they rush upon as soon as they perceive it, and tear it to pieces; while there is apparently no case on record of their having died of its sting. Nay, it would seem from all accounts, that the rattlesnake instead of inspiring these creatures with dread, itself evinces terror at their approach, and anxiously tries to find a place of refuge against their attacks.

Few of us are aware that the peacock and pintado are both determined enemies of the serpent tribe. In India, the peacock will pursue a snake and not desist until it has killed it. The pintado cannot cope alone with any large reptile; but it will call its comrades to its aid, when they will all form a circle round the intruder, fixing their eyes upon him with outstretched beaks; and the snake rarely succeeds in escaping from this magic circle.

LUDICROUS EFFECT OF A COMET.—In the year 1712, an Englishman named Whitson, having calculated the return of a comet, which was to make its appearance on the 24th of October, at five minutes past five in the morning, gave notice to the public accordingly, with this terrifying addition—that a total dissolution of the world by fire was to take place on the Friday following. The reputation which Whitson had long maintained in Europe, both as a divine and philosopher, left little or no doubt with the populace of the truth of his prediction. Several ludicrous events now took place. A number of persons about London seized all the barges and boats they could lay their hands on, on the river Thames, very rationally concluding that when the conflagration took place there would be the most safety on the water. A gentleman who had neglected his family prayers for better than five years, informed his wife that it was his intention to resume the laudable practice the same evening; but his wife, having engaged a ball at her house, persuaded her husband to put it off till they saw whether they appeared or not. The Captain of a Dutch ship threw all his powder into the river, that the ship might not be endangered, The next morning, however, the comet appeared according to prediction, and before noon the belief was universal that the day of judgment was at hand. About this time one hundred and twenty-five clergymen were ferried over to Lambeth it was said, to petition that a short prayer might be planned and ordered, there being none in the church service for the occasion. Three maids of honor burnt their collection of novels and plays and sent to the booksellers to buy each of them a Bible and Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying." The run upon the bank was so prodigious, that all hands were employed in discounting notes and handing out specie. That day considerably more than 7,000 who kept mistresses were legally married in the face of several congregations; and to crown all, Sir Gilbert Hichcote, at that time head director of the bank, issued orders to all the fire officers in London, requiring them to keep a good look-out, and have a particular eye upon the bank of England.

LEARNING TO READ BY "SPECS."—A dealer advertised eye-glasses, by the aid of which a person could easily read the finest print. A well-dressed man called at the counter one day to be fitted to a pair of spectacles. As he remarked that he had never worn any, some were handed to him that magnified very little. He looked hard through them upon the book set before him, but declared he could make out nothing. Another pair of stronger power were saddled upon his nose, but unsuccessfully as before. Further trials were made, until at length the almost discouraged dealer passed to him a pair which magnified more than all the rest in his stock. The customer, quite as impatient as the merchant at having to try so many, put on the last pair and glowered through them at the printed page with all his might. "Can you read that printing now?" inquired the dealer, pretty certain that he had hit right this time, at any rate. "Sure, not a bit," was the reply. "Can you read at all?" said the merchant, unable to conceal his vexation any longer. "Rade at all, is it?" cried the customer. "There's not a single word among them that I can identify the fatures uv." "I say, do you know how to read?" exclaimed the dealer impatiently. "Out wid ye!" shouted the Irishman, throwing down the spectacles in a huff. "If I could rade, what 'ud I be after buyin' a pair of spectacles for? Ye chate the paple wid the idea that your glasses 'ud help 'em to rade aisy; but its a big lie, it is! Ah, ye blackguard, ye thought I'd buy 'em without tryin' 'em!"

A WESTERN paper says: "It is only 21 years since the first log cabin was erected in Burlington, Iowa, and now it contains 10,120 inhabitants." A large cabin.

A YORKSHIRE TYKE IN LONDON.

As all t'world has been te Lunnon this season te see t' great Exhibishun, why ah thowt ah might as weel gau mysel an see what was to be seen there, sae ah put sum brass i' my pocket (for you mun know ah hed plenty i' my feace), and then ah set off and got a cheap trip ticket—yan that wad tak me from Scarbro' te Lunnon an bring me back agean. And ah thowt that wur a hoaf severin weel spent i' mair ways than yan. Well, ah got there all reet, an wur fair capt wi seein sike a thrang o' folks at King's cross Station, but that wur nowt bless you te what was i' t' streets, and as it wur aboot nine o'clock at neet when we gat there, an being "a young man frae the country," and ah wanted to be doon at Lunnun Bridge to meet a friend, ah took a buss and had a rattle ower the stoanes for a mile or two for sixpence, an when ah gat out a scene of bustling excitement met my view. Ah got sum comfortable ludgins in Burmonsey, and next morning began to leuk aboot me. Ah gat on to t' top of a buss—that's the spot to see moving life in Lunnon streets—and ah went to the Exhibishun, and a real grand affair it is—ower grand te tell aboot, and it wad tak months to do it properly, for though ah wur thar two days ah did not half see what was in it. Ah went another day and spent it very profitably in t' British Museum, where there is everything collected from t' Magna Charta deeds to t' smaller shells of ocean. Ah then went fra there at neet te Madame Tussaud's fine show of wax work, and was weel pleased wi' my visit—the music there was capital and t' pleace cram full o' company. Another day ah was invited by Mr. Grove to gan and see t' Crystal Palace, and ah sud a been sorry if ah hed not gone there, for it bangs all ah ivver saw i' my life for grandeur. Nobody owt to leave Lunnon without seeing that spot. Ise mighty weel sure they will be delighted wi t' grounds and fointains of watter rising above a hundred feet high; but if that Blondin doesn't break his neck off that high rope I'se a Dutchman. A kind friend introduced me to see Drury-lane Theatre, where ah saw a varry grand piece, called 'T' Relief of Lucknow." He also sent me to see that wooden-head Lord Dundreary at t' Haymarket, and some o' t' "things as no fellow can find out;" it was a clever piece of Sothernism though, and t' folks couldn't help laughin at every word he said. Ah also went to St. James's Theatre, Her Majesty's Bijou, and Astley's, and at each ah highly enjoyed mysel.

But ah musn't say ower much of what ah saw there or ah shall mak my letter ower lang. Ah went yan day up to t' top o't Monument wiv aboot 350 steps to get up; and then ah thowt ah was gan to St. Paul's and see where Nelson and Wellington wur buried—then into t' whispering gallery, and after that up on to t' top o' t' great dome, and as I wur so elevated ah took it i' my head to sit doon there and wroite a letter hearn. Ah saw all them grand paintins i' t' National Gallery, and had a good leuk at the statues to the memory of our brave heroes round about there. A walk round Westminster Abbey to see the fine monuments of heroes, poets, and statesmen, gave me time to reflect on the service they had done to the country; and then to see t' Parliament Houses close by ah thowt of mony a hard fought battle that had taken place for our civil rights and liberties. My wanderings then took me to a friend at Buckingham Palace, the abode of Royalty, where ah stopped and gat dinner, and after seeing all ah could there, went and saw t' Royal Mews, where all t' carriages and horses belonging to the Queen wur kept. The grand state carriage they telled me was 101 year old, and it weighed aboon four tons. Of course ah went to see and hear Spurgeon, and tho he may hev raised a "great sensation" amang some folk, ah didn't think much tul him mysel. Ah saw t' Thames Tunnel and a hundred other spots ah can't think on now, but ah were very varry much struck while standing a lastle bit on Lunnon Bridge to see the vast amount of traffic there; it is really wonderful where all t' folks come fra, and as for busses, cabs, and all sorts of carts, they pass in hundreds every minute; and it is pleasing to see the coolness of the drivers amang so much bustle and excitement—they never seem to put therseln out o' t' way or to lig a whip on to their horses, but treat 'em kindly, and t' faithful beasts seam to know all their maisters want 'em to do.

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JULIA WRIGHT—CANTO IV.

TO BE CONTINUED.

But how shall I describe, as it deserves,
The glorious outline of my Julia's breast?
Swelling in graceful and voluptuous curves,
Like ocean, when the winds are lulled to rest!
It really was enough to try one's nerves
To witness these twin "Islands of the Blest!"
Though, had her dress been rudely torn asunder,
One might have seen a *very dark skin under.*

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